

THE
BRITISH POETS.


VOL. XLII.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for A. KINCAID and W. CREECH,
and J. BALFOUR.

M,DCC,LXXIII.

THE

BRITISH POETS



ALFRED B. H. O. H.

EDWARD A. KIRKLAND AND W. C. C. C.

and J. H. H. H.

W. D. C. C.

P O E M S

BY

MR.  GRAY.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for J. BALFOUR and W. CREECH.

M,DCC,LXXIII.

P O E M S

17



Y A M R

E D I N B U R G H

Printed by J. Ballantyne and W. Green

1844

T H E C O N T E N T S.

	Page
O DE on the Spring	1
Ode on the death of a Favourite Cat	4
Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College	6
Ode to Adversity	10
The Progress of Poesy. A Pindaric Ode	13
The Bard. A Pindaric Ode	18
Ode for Music	27
The Fatal Sisters. An Ode	33
The Descent of Odin. An Ode	40
The Triumphs of Owen. A Fragment	45
The Death of Hoel	47
Ode. A Fragment	49
Elegy written in a Country Church-Yard	51
Epitaph I. on the death of Mr. Richard West	57
Epitaph II. on Mrs. Clarke	58
Epitaph III. on Sir William Williams	59

THE CONTENTS

1	On the death of a young man
2	On the death of a young man
3	On the death of a young man
4	On the death of a young man
5	On the death of a young man
6	On the death of a young man
7	On the death of a young man
8	On the death of a young man
9	On the death of a young man
10	On the death of a young man
11	On the death of a young man
12	On the death of a young man
13	On the death of a young man
14	On the death of a young man
15	On the death of a young man
16	On the death of a young man
17	On the death of a young man
18	On the death of a young man
19	On the death of a young man

ODE ON THE
O D E
ON THE
S P R I N G.

LO! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair VENUS' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckow's note,
The untaught harmony of spring:
While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs, thro' the clear blue sky,
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where-e'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader browner shade;
Where-e'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade;
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think,

2 ODE ON THE SPRING.

(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
 How vain the ardour of the crowd,
 How low, how indigent the proud,
 How little are the great !

Still is the toiling hand of Care ;
 The panting herds repose :
 Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
 The busy murmur glows !
 The insect youth are on the wing,
 Eager to taste the honied spring,
 And float amid the liquid noon :
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,
 Some shew their gayly-gilded trim,
 Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
 Such is the race of man :
 And they that creep, and they that fly,
 Shall end where they began.
 Alike the busy and the gay
 But flutter thro' life's little day,
 In Fortune's varying colours drest :
 Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
 Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance.
 They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accent low,
 The sportive kind reply ;
 Poor Moralist ! and what art thou ?
 A solitary fly !

ODE ON THE SPRING. — 3

Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display :
On hasty wings thy youth is flown ;
Thy fun is set, thy spring is gone——
We frolic while 'tis May.

O D E

ON THE DEATH OF A

FAVOURITE CAT,

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.

'T WAS on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flowers, that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw, and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd; but midst the tide
Two beauteous forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream:
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue,
Thro' richest purple, to the view,
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw :
 A whisker first, and then a claw,
 With many an ardent wish,
 She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize.
 What female heart can gold despise ?
 What cat's averse to fish ?

Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent
 Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
 Nor knew the gulf between :
 (Malignant Fate sat by, and smil'd)
 The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd ;
 She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
 She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry God,
 Some speedy aid to send.
 No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,
 Nor cruel *Tom*, nor *Susan* heard.
 A fav'rite has no friend !

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
 Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
 And be with caution bold.
 Not all, that tempts your wand'ring eyes
 And heedless hearts, is lawful prize ;
 Nor all, that glisters, gold.

O D E

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF

ETON COLLEGE.

* Ἀνθρῶπος ἰκανὴν προέβασεν εἰς τὸ δυσυχεῖν.

MENANDER.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her HENRY's * holy shade:
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of WINDSOR's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.

Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shade!
Ah fields, belov'd in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!

* King HENRY the Sixth, founder of the College.

I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father THAMES, for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race,
 Disporting on thy margent green,
 The paths of pleasure trace;
 Who foremost now delight to cleave,
 With pliant arms, thy glassy wave?
 The captive linnet which enthrall?
 What idle progeny succeed
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,
 Or urge the flying ball?

While some, on earnest bus'ness bent,
 Their murm'ring labours ply,
 'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
 To sweeten liberty:
 Some bold adventurers disdain
 The limits of their little reign,
 And unknown regions dare descry;
 Still as they run they look behind,
 They hear a voice in ev'ry wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay Hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess'd;

ODE. ON A DISTANT

The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast.
 Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
 Wild Wit, Invention ever-new,
 And lively Cheer of Vigour born;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
 That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play!
 No sense have they of ills to come,
 Nor care beyond to-day.
 Yet see, how all around them wait
 The ministers of human fate,
 And black Misfortune's baleful train!
 Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
 To seize their prey, the murd'rous band!
 Ah, show them they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind,
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
 And Shame that sculks behind;
 Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
 Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
 That inly gnaws the secret heart;
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,
 Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
 And Sorrow's piercing dart.

PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

9

Ambition this shall tempt to rise ;
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falshood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow ;
And keen Remorse with blood defil'd,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of Years beneath,
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen !
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage :
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his suff'rings : all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan ;
The tender for another's pain ;
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah ! why should they know their fate ?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more——where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

O D E
T O
A D V E R S I T Y.

Συμπεριπα

Σωφρονειν ἴκω σινυ.

ÆSCHYLUS, in *Eumenid.*

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge, and tort'ring hour,
 The bad affright, afflict the best!
 Bound in thy adamantine chain,
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
 To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
 And bade to form her infant mind.
 Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore:
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy;
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse; and with them go
The summer-friend, the flatt'ring foe;
By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom, in fable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

O, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon-terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band,
(As by the impious thou art seen),
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With screaming Horror's fun'ral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, O Goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there,
To soften, not to wound my heart;

The gen'rous spark extinct revive;
 Teach me to love, and to forgive;
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are, to feel, and know myself a man.

THE
PROGRESS OF POESY.

PINDARIC ODE.

Φωνᾶνλα συνελούσιν· ἐς
Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἐρμηνέων
Χαλίζει. —

PINDAR, Olymp. II.

I. I.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take :
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign :
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour :
The rocks, and nodding groves, rebellow to the roar.

I. 2.

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
 Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares,
 And frantic Passions, hear thy soft controul.
 On Thracia's hills the lord of war
 Has curb'd the fury of his car,
 And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command:
 Perching on the sceptred hand
 Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
 With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
 Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
 The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
 Temper'd to thy warbled lay:
 O'er Idalia's velvet-green
 The rosy-crowned Loves are seen.
 On Cytherea's day,
 With antic Sports, and blue-ey'd Pleasures,
 Frisking light in frolic measures;
 Now pursuing, now retreating,
 Now in circling troops they meet;
 To brisk notes, in cadence beating,
 Glance their many-twinkling feet.
 Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
 Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay.
 With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
 In gliding state she wins her easy way:
 O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
 The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

H. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await;
 Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
 The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
 And justify the laws of Jove.
 Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly Muse?
 Night, and all her sickly dews,
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
 He gives to range the dreary sky;
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

H. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road,
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
 The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom,
 To cheer the shiv'ring Native's dull abode.
 And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
 She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
 In loose numbers wildly sweet,
 Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
 Her tract, where'er the Goddess roves,
 Glory pursue, and gen'rous Shame,
 Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

H. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
 Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
 Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
 Or where Mæander's amber waves
 In ling'ring lab'rins creep,

How do your tuneful echoes languish
 Mute, but to the voice of Anguish!
 Where each old poetic mountain
 Inspiration breath'd around;
 Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain
 Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
 'Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They fought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's * darling laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
 To him the mighty mother did unveil
 Her awful face: the dauntless child
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
 This pencil take (he said) whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year:
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
 This can unlock the gates of Joy;
 Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

III. 2.

Nor second he †, that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
 The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time:

* Shakespear.

† Milton.

The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two courfers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding
pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy, hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more—
Oh! Lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? tho' he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban Eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

T H E
B A R D.

A P I N D A R I C O D E.

[The following Ode is founded on a Tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards, that fell into his hands, to be put to death.]

I. I.

‘ R U I N seize thee, ruthless King!
‘ Confusion on thy banners wait,
‘ Tho’ fann’d by Conquest’s crimson wing,
‘ They mock the air with idle state!
‘ Helm, nor * Hauberks* twisted mail,
‘ Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
‘ To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
‘ From Cambria’s curse, from Cambria’s tears!’
Such were the sounds, that o’er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter’d wild dismay,
As down the steep of † Snowdon’s shaggy side
He wound, with toilsome march, his long array.

* The Hauberks was a texture of steel ringlets, or links interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to all its motions.

† *Snowdon* was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract, which the Welsh themselves call

Stout * Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:
To arms! cried † Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring
lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood;
(† Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air);
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

Craigian-eryri: it included all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway. R. Hygden, speaking of the castle of Conway, built there by King Edward the First, says, "Ad ortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis Erery;" and Matthew of Westminster, (ad ann. 1283), "Apud Aberconway, ad pedes montis Snowdoniæ fecit erigi castrum forte."

* Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to King Edward.

† Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore.

They both were *Lords-Marchers*, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the King in this expedition.

‡ The image was taken from a well-known picture of Raphael, representing the Supreme Being in the vision of Ezekiel. There are two of these paintings, (both believed original), one at Florence, the other at Paris.

- ‘ Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert-cave,
- ‘ Sighs to the torrent’s awful voice beneath !
- ‘ O’er thee, oh King ! their hundred arms they wave,
- ‘ Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;
- ‘ Vocal no more, since Cambria’s fatal day,
- ‘ To high-born Hoel’s harp, or soft Llewellyn’s lay.

I. 3.

- ‘ Cold is Cadwallo’s tongue,
- ‘ That hush’d the stormy main :
- ‘ Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
- ‘ Mountains, ye mourn in vain
- ‘ Modred, whose magic song
- ‘ Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top’d head.
- ‘ * On dreary Arvon’s shore they lie,
- ‘ Smear’d with gore, and ghastly pale :
- ‘ Far, far aloof th’ affrighted ravens sail ;
- ‘ The famish’d † eagle screams, and passes by.

* The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite to the isle of Anglesey.

† Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their eyry among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as many think) were named by the Welsh *Craigian-eryri*, i. e. the craigs of the eagles. At this day (as I am told) the highest point of Snowdon, is called *the eagle’s Nest*. That bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Westmoreland, &c. can testify : it even has built its nest in the Peak of Derbyshire. [See Willoughby’s Ornithol. published by Ray.]

- ' Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 ' Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 ' Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 ' Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
 ' No more I weep. They do not sleep.
 ' On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
 ' I see them sit: they linger yet,
 ' Avengers of their native land:
 ' With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 ' And weave * with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.'

II. I.

- " Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 " The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
 " Give ample room, and verge enough
 " The characters of hell to trace.
 " Mark the year, and mark the night,
 " When Severn shall re-echo with affright
 " The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs that ring;
 " Shrieks of an agonizing King †!
 " She-wolf of France ‡, with unrelenting fangs,
 " That tear't the bowels of thy mangled mate,
 " From thee § be born, who o'er thy country hangs
 " The scourge of Heav'n. What terrors round him wait!
 " Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd,
 " And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

* See the Norwegian ode that follows.

† Edward the Second, cruelly murdered in Berkley castle.

‡ Isabel of France, Edward the Second's adulterous Queen.

§ Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.

II. 2.

- " Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
 " Low on his fun'ral couch he lies * !
 " No pitying heart, no eye, afford
 " A tear to grace his obsequies.
 " Is the fable warrior † fled ?
 " Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
 " The swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born ?
 " Gone to salute the rising Morn.
 " Fair laughs the Morn ‡, and soft the Zephyr blows,
 " While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
 " In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
 " Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
 " Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
 " That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his ev'ning-prey.

II. 3.

- " Fill § high the sparkling bowl,
 " The rich repast prepare,
 " Rest of a crown, he yet may share the feast :
 " Close by the regal chair
 " Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 " A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.

* Death of that king, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress.

† Edward the Black Prince, dead some time before his father.

‡ Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign. See Froissard, and other contemporary writers.

§ Richard the Second (as we are told by Archbishop Scroop and the confederate Lords in their ma-

- " Heard ye the din of battle bray *,
 " Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?
 " Long years of havock urge their destin'd course,
 " And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
 " Ye tow'rs of Julius †, London's lasting shame,
 " With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 " Revere his consort's ‡ faith, his father's § fame,
 " And spare the meek usurper's || holy head.
 " Above, below, the ** rose of snow,
 " Twin'd with her blushing foe we spread ;
 " The bristled †† boar, in infant gore,
 " Wallows beneath the thorny shade.

nifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older writers) was starved to death. The story of his assassination by Sir Piers of Exon, is of much later date.

* Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster.

† Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to have been murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

‡ Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown.

§ Henry the Fifth.

|| Henry VI. very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

** The white and red roses, devices of the two branches of York and Lancaster.

†† The silver boar was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of *the Boar*.

“ Now, Brothers, bending o’er th’ accursed loom,
 “ Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. I.

“ Edward, lo! to sudden fate
 “ (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
 “ * Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 “ (The web is wove. The work is done.)”
 “ Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
 “ Leave me unblest’d, unpity’d, here to mourn :
 “ In yon bright tract, that fires the western skies,
 “ They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 “ But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon’s height
 “ Descending slow their glitt’ring skirts unrol?
 “ Visions of glory! spare my aching sight,
 “ Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
 “ No more our long-lost † Arthur we bewail.
 “ All-hail, ‡ ye genuine Kings, Britannia’s issue, hail!

* Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her lord is well known. The monuments of his regret and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen at Northampton, Gaddington, Waltham, and in several other places.

† It was the common belief of the Welsh nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairy-land, and should return again to reign over Britain.

‡ Both Merlin and Talieffin had prophesied, that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island; which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor.

III. 2.

- ' Girt with many a Baron bold
 ' Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
 ' And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old
 ' In bearded majesty, appear.
 ' In the midst a form divine!
 ' Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
 ' Her lion-port *, her awe-commanding face,
 ' Attempt'd sweet to virgin-grace.
 ' What strings symphonious tremble in the air!
 ' What strains of vocal transport round her play!
 ' Hear from the grave, great Talieffin †, hear;
 ' They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
 ' Bright rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
 ' Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-colour'd wings.

III. 3.

- ' The verse adorn again
 ' Fierce War, and faithful Love,
 ' And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dress'd.
 ' In ‡ buskin'd measures move

* Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, ambassador of Poland, says,
 ' And thus she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert
 ' orator no less with her stately port and majestic
 ' deporture, than with the tartness of her princelie
 ' checks.'

† Talieffin, chief of the Bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

‡ Shakespear.

‘ Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
‘ With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
‘ A * voice, as of the cherub-choir,
‘ Gales from blooming Eden bear;
‘ † And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
‘ That lost in long futurity expire.
‘ Fond impious man, think’st thou yon sanguine cloud,
‘ Rais’d by thy breath, has quench’d the orb of day?
‘ To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
‘ And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
‘ Enough for me: with joy I see
‘ The different doom our fates assign.
‘ Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care;
‘ To triumph, and to die, are mine.’
He spoke, and headlong, from the mountain’s height,
Deep in the roaring tide, he plung’d to endless night.

* Milton.

† The succession of poets after Milton’s time.

O D E *

F O R

M U S I C.

I R R E G U L A R.

I.

“ HENCE, avaunt, ('tis holy ground),
“ Comus, and his midnight crew,
“ And ignorance with looks profound,
“ And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue;
“ Mad Sedition's cry profane;
“ Servitude that hugs her chain:
“ Nor in these consecrated bow'rs
“ Let painted Flatt'ry hide her serpent train in flow'rs.
“ Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
“ Dare the Muse's walk to stain;
“ While bright-ey'd Science watches round:
“ Hence away, 'tis holy ground!”

* This Ode was performed in the Senate-house at Cambridge, July 1. 1769, at the installation of his Grace Augustus-Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, Chancellor of the University.

II.

From yonder realms of empyrean day,
 Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay :
 There sit the fainted sage, the bard divine,
 The few whom Genius gave to shine
 Thro' ev'ry unborn age and undiscover'd clime.
 Rapt in celestial transport they :
 Yet hither oft a glance from high
 They send of tender sympathy,
 To bless the place, where, on their op'ning soul,
 First the genuine ardour stole.
 'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,
 And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
 Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
 And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

III.

" Ye brown o'er-aching groves,
 " That Contemplation loves,
 " Where willowy Camus lingers with delight !
 " Oft at the blush of dawn
 " I trod your level lawn ;
 " Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright
 " In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
 " With Freedom by my side, and soft-ey'd Melancholy."

IV.

Eut hark ! the portals sound, and pacing forth
 With solemn steps and slow,
 High potentates, and dames of royal birth,
 And mitred fathers in long order go :

Great Edward *, with the lilies on his brow
 From haughty Gallia torn,
 And sad Chatillon †, on her bridal morn
 That wept her bleeding love, and princely Clare ‡,
 And Anjou's heroine §, and the paler Rose ||,
 The rival of her crown, and of her woes;

* Edward the Third, who added the fleur de lis of France to the arms of England. He founded Trinity College.

† Mary de Valentia, Countess of Pembroke, daughter of Guy de Chatillon, Comte de St. Paul in France; of whom tradition says, that her husband Audemar de Valentia, Earl of Pembroke, was slain at a tournament on the day of his nuptials. She was the foundress of Pembroke College or Hall, under the name of Aula Mariæ de Valentia.

‡ Elisabeth de Burg, Countess of Clare, was wife of John de Burg, son and heir of the Earl of Ulster, and daughter of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, by Joan of Acres, daughter of Edward the First. Hence the Poet gives her the epithet of 'princely.' She founded Clare Hall.

§ Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry the Sixth, foundress of Queen's College. The Poet has celebrated her conjugal fidelity in the former Ode.

|| Elisabeth Widville, wife of Edward the Fourth, (hence called the paler Rose, as being of the house of York). She added to the foundation of Margaret of Anjou.

And either Henry * there,
 'The murder'd saint, and the majestic lord,
 'That broke the bonds of Rome :
 (Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
 Their human passions now no more,
 Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb) :
 All that on Granta's fruitful plain
 Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
 And bade these awful fanes and turrets rise,
 To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning, come :
 And thus they speak, in soft accord,
 The liquid language of the skies.

V.

" What is grandeur, what is power ?
 " Heavier toil, superior pain.
 " What the bright reward we gain ?
 " The grateful memory of the good.
 " Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
 " The bee's collected treasures sweet,
 " Sweet Music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
 " The still small voice of Gratitude."

VI.

Foremost, and leaning from her golden cloud,
 The venerable Margaret † see !
 " Welcome, my noble son, (she cries aloud),
 " To this, thy kindred train, and me :

* Henry the Sixth and Eighth. The former the founder of King's, the latter the greatest benefactor to Trinity College.

† Countess of Richmond and Derby, the mother of

" Pleas'd, in thy lineaments we trace
 " A Tudor's * fire, a Beaufort's grace.
 " Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
 " The flower unheeded shall descry,
 " And bid it round Heaven's altars shed
 " The fragrance of its blushing head :
 " Shall raise from earth the latent gem,
 " To glitter on the diadem.

VII.

" Lo, Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
 " Not obvious, not obtrusive, she
 " No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings ;
 " Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd
 " Profane thy inborn royalty of mind :
 " She reveres herself and thee. —
 " With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow,
 " The laureat wreath, that Cecil † wore, she brings,
 " And, to thy just, thy gentle hand,
 " Submits the fasces of her sway,
 " While spirits blest above, and men below,
 " Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

Henry the Seventh ; foundress of St. John's and Christ's Colleges.

* The Countess was a Beaufort, and married to a Tudor : hence the application of this line to the Duke of Grafton, who claims descent from both these families.

† Lord Treasurer Burleigh was Chancellor of the University in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

VIII.

- “ Thro’ the wild waves as they roar,
“ With watchful eye and dauntless mien,
“ Thy steady course of honour keep,
“ Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore :
“ The star of Brunswick smiles serene,
“ And gilds the horrors of the deep.”

THE
FATAL SISTERS.

A N O D E,

(From the **NORSE-TONGUE**),



IN THE
ORCADES of THORMODUS TORFÆUS;
HAFNIÆ, 1697, Folio; and also in BAR-
THOLINUS.

VITT ER ORPIT FYRIR VALFALLI, &c.

FATAL SISTERS.

A N O D E

(From the "Star-Tongue")



CHRONICLE of the "Star-Tongue"
Published 1877, For sale in the
Star-Tongue.

THE "STAR-TONGUE" AND ALL ITS
CONTENTS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The author once had thoughts (in concert with a friend) of giving a *History of English Poetry*: in the introduction to it he meant to have produced some specimens of the style that reigned in ancient times among the neighbouring nations, or those who had subdued the greater part of this island, and were our progenitors: the following three imitations made a part of them. He has long since drop'd his design; especially after he had heard, that it was already in the hands of a person well qualified to do it justice, both by his taste, and his researches into antiquity.

P R E F A C E.

IN the eleventh century, *Sigurd*, Earl of the Orkney islands, went with a fleet of ships, and a considerable body of troops, into Ireland, to the assistance of *Sigtryg with the silken beard*, who was then making war on his father-in-law *Brian*, King of Dublin. The Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and *Sigtryg* was in danger of a total defeat: but the enemy had a greater loss by the death of *Brian*, their King, who fell in the action. On Christmas-day, (the day of the battle,) a native of *Caitbnefs* in Scotland, saw, at a distance, a number of persons on horseback, riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them; till, looking through an opening in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic figures resembling women: they were all employed about a loom, and, as they wove, they sung the following dreadful song; which when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped, six to the north, and as many to the south.

THE
FATAL SISTERS.

A N O D E.

NOW the storm begins to lower!
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare.)

Iron fleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glitt'ring lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and *Randver's* bane.

See the grisly texture grow!
('Tis of human entrails made.)
And the weights, that play below,
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Note—The *Valkyriur* were female divinities, servants of *Odin* (or *Woden*) in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies *Chusers of the slain*. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands; and, in the throng of battle, selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to *Valhalla*, (the hall of *Odin*, or paradise of the brave), where they attended the banquet, and served the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

P R E F A C E.

IN the eleventh century, *Sigurd*, Earl of the Orkney islands, went with a fleet of ships, and a considerable body of troops, into Ireland, to the assistance of *Sigtryg* with the *silken beard*, who was then making war on his father-in-law *Brian*, King of Dublin. The Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and *Sigtryg* was in danger of a total defeat : but the enemy had a greater loss by the death of *Brian*, their King, who fell in the action. On Christmas-day, (the day of the battle,) a native of *Caithness* in Scotland, saw, at a distance, a number of persons on horseback, riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them; till, looking through an opening in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic figures resembling women : they were all employed about a loom, and, as they wove, they sung the following dreadful song ; which when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped, six to the north, and as many to the south.

THE
FATAL SISTERS.

A N O D E.

NOW the storm begins to lower!
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare.)

Iron fleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glitt'ring lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and *Randver's* bane.

See the grisly texture grow!
('Tis of human entrails made.)
And the weights, that play below,
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Note—The *Valkyriur* were female divinities, servants of *Odin* (or *Woden*) in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies *Chusers of the slain*. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands; and, in the throng of battle, selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to *Valhalla*, (the hall of *Odin*, or paradise of the brave), where they attended the banquet, and served the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

38 THE FATAL SISTERS.

Shafts, for shuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along!
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tiffue close and strong!

Mista, black terrific maid,
Sangrida, and *Hilda*, see!
Join the wayward work to aid:
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clatt'ring buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war;)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading thro' th' ensanguin'd field,
Gondula, and *Geira*, spread
O'er the youthful King your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare:
Spite of danger he shall live.
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound;
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a King shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin * weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow steep,
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death.
Sisters, cease. The work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph sing;
Joy to the victorious bands;
Triumph to the younger King.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenour of our song.
Scotland, thro' each winding vale,
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed!
Each her thund'ring falchion wield;
Each bestride her fable steed.
Hurry, hurry, to the field!

* Ireland.

THE
DESCENT OF ODIN.

A N O D E,

(From the NORSE-TONGUE),

I N

BARTHOLINUS de causis contemnendæ mortis;
HAFNIÆ, 1689, Quarto.

UPREIS ODINN ALLDA GAUTR, &c.

UP rose the King of men with speed,
And saddled strait his coal-black steed:
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to * HELA's drear abode.
Him the dog of darkness spied;
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd.

* *Nifheimr* was the hell of the Gothic nations, and consisted of nine worlds, to which were consigned all such as died of sickness, old-age, or by any other means than in battle: over it presided HELA the Goddess of death.

Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
 Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
 And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
 The father of the powerful spell.
 Onward still his way he takes,
 (The groaning earth beneath him shakes),
 Till full before his fearless eyes
 The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
 By the moss-grown pile he sat,
 Where long of yore to sleep was laid
 The dust of the prophetic Maid.
 Facing to the northern clime,
 Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
 Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
 The thrilling verse that wakes the dead;
 Till from out the hollow ground
 Slowly breath'd a fullen sound.

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms, presume
 To break the quiet of the tomb?
 Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
 And drags me from the realms of night?
 Long on these mould'ring bones have beat
 The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
 The drenching dews, and driving rain:
 Let me, let me sleep again.
 Who is he, with voice unblest,
 That calls me from the bed of rest?

42 THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

ODIN.

A traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread,
Drest for whom yon golden bed?

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet see
The pure bev'rage of the bee;
O'er it hangs the shield of gold:
'Tis the drink of *Balder* bold.
Balder's head to death is giv'n.
Pain can reach the sons of heav'n.
Unwilling I my lips unclofe.
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey.
Prophetess, arise, and say,
What dangers *Odin's* child await,
Who the author of his fate?

PROPHETESS.

In *Hoder's* hand the hero's doom;
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close.
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Prophetess, my spell obey;
Once again, arise, and say,

Who th' avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall *Hoder's* blood be spilt?

P R O P H E T E S S.

In the caverns of the west,
By *Odin's* fierce embrace compress'd,
A wond'rous boy shall *Rinda* bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam,
Till he on *Hoder's* corse shall smile
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O D I N.

Yet a while my call obey;
Prophetess, awake, and say,
What Virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils, that float in air?
Tell me whence their sorrows rose:
Then I leave thee to repose.

P R O P H E T E S S.

Ha! no traveller art thou.
King of men, I know thee now;
Mightiest of a mighty line——

O D I N.

No boding maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor prophetess of good,
But mother of the giant-brood.

P R O P H E T E S S .

Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
 That never shall enquirer come
 To break my iron-sleep again;
 'Till *Lok* * has burst his tenfold chain.
 Never, till substantial Night
 Has reassum'd her ancient right;
 'Till wrap'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
 Sinks the fabric of the world.

* *Lok* is the Evil Being who continues in chains till the *Twilight of the Gods* approaches, when he shall break his confinement; the human race, the stars and sun, shall disappear; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies: even Odin himself and his kindred deities shall perish. For a farther explanation of this mythology, see Mallet in his curious introduction to the History of Denmark, 1755, Quarto.

THE
TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.*

A F R A G M E N T.

FROM

Mr. EVANS's Specimens of the Welsh Poetry;
LONDON, 1764, Quarto.

OWEN's praise demands my song,
OWEN swift, and OWEN strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
† Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding;
Side by side, as proudly riding

* OWEN succeeded his father GRIFFIN in the principality of NORTH-WALES, A. D. 1120. This battle was fought near forty years afterwards.

† North-Wales.

46 THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

On her shadow, long and gay,
 * Lochlin plows the watry way.
 There the Norman sails afar
 Catch the winds, and join the war ::
 Black and huge along they sweep,
 Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
 † The dragon-son of Mona stands;
 In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,
 High he rears his ruby crest.
 There the thund'ring strokes begin,
 There the press, and there the din;
 Talmalfra's rocky shore
 Echoing to the battle's roar.
 Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
 Thousand banners round him burn;
 Where he points his purple spear,
 Hasty, hasty Rout is there;
 Marking with indignant eye
 Fear to stop, and Shame to fly.
 There Confusion, Terror's child;
 Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild;
 Agony, that pants for breath;
 Despair, and honourable Death.

* Denmark.

† The red dragon is the device of Cadwallader,
 which all his descendants bore on their banners.

O D E

O N

THE DEATH OF HOEL.

From the WELCH*.

HAD I but the torrent's might,
With headlong rage, and wild affright,
Upon Dëira's squadrons hurl'd,
To rush, and sweep them from the world!
'Too, too secure, in youthful pride
By them my friend, my Hoel, died,
Great Cian's son; of Madoc old
He ask'd no heaps of hoarded gold;
Alone in Nature's wealth array'd,
He ask'd, and had the lovely maid.

To Catraeth's vale, in glitt'ring row,
Twice two hundred warriors go;
Ev'ry warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honour deck,

* Of Aneurim, styled, *the Monarch of the Bards*.
He flourished about the time of Taliesin, A. D. 570.

48 ODE ON THE DEATH OF HOEL.

Wreath'd in many a golden link :
From the golden cup they drink
Nectar, that the bees produce,
Or the grape's ecstatic juice.
Flush'd with mirth and hope, they burn :
But none from Catraeth's vale return,
Save Aëron brave, and Conan strong,
(Bursting thro' the bloody throng),
And I, the meanest of them all,
'That live to weep, and sing their fall.

O D E.

A F R A G M E N T.

NOW the golden Morn aloft
 Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
 With vermil cheek, and whisper soft
 She wooes the tardy Spring :
 Till April starts, and calls around
 The sleeping fragrance from the ground ;
 And lightly o'er the living scene
 Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
 Frisking ply their feeble feet ;
 Forgetful of their wintry trance
 The birds his presence greet :
 But chief, the Sky-Lark warbles high
 His trembling thrilling ecstasy ;
 And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
 Melts into air and liquid light.

Yesterday the fullen year
 Saw the snowy whirlwind fly ;
 Mute was the music of the air,
 The herd stood drooping by :
 Their raptures now that wildly flow,
 No yesterday, nor morrow know ;

'Tis man alone that joy descries
With forward, and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past Misfortune's brow,
Soft Reflection's hand can trace ;
And o'er the cheek of Sorrow throw
A melancholy grace :
While hope prolongs our happier hour ;
Or deepest shades, that dimly lower
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy Pleasure leads,
See a kindred Grief pursue ;
Behind the steps that Misery treads
Approaching Comfort view :
The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastis'd by sabler tints of woe ;
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

See the Wretch, that long has toft
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe, and walk again :
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To Him are opening Paradise.

* * * *

E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE Curfeu tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness, and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,

32 ELEGY WRITTEN IN A

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kifs to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor,

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The path of glory leads but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, thro' the long-drawn isle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of Death ?

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD. 33

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstacy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unrol ;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear ;
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;
Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind :

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,

34 ELEGY WRITTEN IN A

Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around the strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

Haply, some hoary-headed swain may say,
 ' Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
 ' Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
 ' To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

' There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 ' That wreaths its old fantastic roots so high,
 ' His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
 ' And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

' Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 ' Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
 ' Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 ' Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

' One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 ' Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
 ' Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 ' Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

' The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
 ' Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne.
 ' Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 ' Grav'd on his stone, beneath yon aged thorn *.'

* In the first edition of this poem, the following beautiful lines were inserted immediately before the epitaph; but they have been since omitted, as the parenthesis was thought too long.

There, scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
 By hands unseen, are show'rs of violets found;
 The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
 And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE RESTS HIS HEAD UPON THE LAP OF EARTH
A YOUTH, TO FORTUNE AND TO FAME UN-
KNOWN :

FAIR SCIENCE FROWN'D NOT ON HIS HUMBLE BIRTH,
AND MELANCHOLY MARK'D HIM FOR HER OWN.

LARGE WAS HIS BOUNTY, AND HIS SOUL SINCERE ;
HEAV'N DID A RECOMPENSE AS LARGELY SEND :
HE GAVE TO MIS'RY ALL HE HAD, A TEAR ;
HE GAIN'D FROM HEAV'N ('T WAS ALL HE WISH'D)
A FRIEND.

NO FARTHER SEEK HIS MERITS TO DISCLOSE,
OR DRAW HIS FRAILTIES FROM THEIR DREAD ABODE,
(THERE THEY ALIKE IN TREMBLING HOPE REPOSE),
THE BOSOM OF HIS FATHER AND HIS GOD.

E P I T A P H I.

ON THE DEATH OF

MR. RICHARD WEST.

IN vain to me the smiling Mornings shine,
 And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire :
 The birds in vain their am'rous descant join ;
 Or cheerful fields resume their green attire.
 These ears, alas ! for other notes repine,
 A diff'rent object do these eyes require..
 My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine ;
 And in my breast th' imperfect joys expire.
 Yet Morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
 And new-born pleasure brings to happier men ;
 The fields to all their wonted tribute bear ;
 To warm their little loves the birds complain :
 I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
 And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

E P I T A P H II.

O N

MRS. CLARKE*.

LO! where this silent marble weeps,
 A Friend, a Wife, a Mother sleeps;
 A Heart, within whose sacred cell
 The peaceful Virtues lov'd to dwell.
 Affection warm, and Faith sincere,
 And soft Humanity, were there.
 In agony, in death resign'd,
 She felt the wound she left behind.
 Her infant image, here below,
 Sits smiling on a father's woe:
 Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
 Along the lonely vale of days?
 A pang, to secret sorrow dear;
 A sigh, an unavailing tear;
 'Till Time shall ev'ry grief remove,
 With Life, with Mem'ry, and with Love.

* Mrs. Clarke was the wife of Dr. Clarke, Physician at Epsom, and died April 27. 1757.

E P I T A P H I I I.

O N

SIR WILLIAM WILLIAMS*.

HERE, foremost in the dang'rous paths of fame,
 Young WILLIAMS fought for ENGLAND's fair
 renown;

His mind each Muse, each Grace adorn'd his frame,
 Nor Envy dar'd to view him with a frown.

At AIX his voluntary sword he drew,
 There first in blood his infant-honour seal'd;
 From Fortune, Pleasure, Science, Love, he flew,
 And scorn'd repose when Britain took the field.
 With eyes of flame, and cool undaunted breast,
 Victor he stood on Bellisle's rocky steeps——
 Ah! gallant youth! this marble tells the rest,
 Where melancholy Friendship bends and weeps.

* This epitaph was intended to have been inscribed
 on a monument at Bellisle, at the siege of which this
 accomplished youth was killed, 1761.

T H E E N D.

9 MR 53





P O E M S

BY THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LATE



LORD LYTTLETON.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for A. KINCAID and W. CREECH,
and J. BALFOUR.

M,DCC,LXXIII.

P. O. F. M. 8



BRITISH MUSEUM

THE
P R O G R E S S
O F
L O V E.

I N
FOUR ECLOGUES.

I.
UNCERTAINTY.
To Mr. POPE.

II.
H O P E.
To the Hon. GEORGE
DODDINGTON, Esq.

III.
J E A L O U S Y.
To ED. WALPOLE, Esq.

IV.
P O S S E S S I O N.
To the Right Hon. the
Lord Vis. COBHAM.

P R O G R E S S

L O V E



NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF THE MUSK

OF THE MUSK OF THE MUSK OF THE MUSK

THE
PROGRESS OF LOVE.
IN
FOUR ECLOGUES.

UNCERTAINTY. ECLOGUE I.

TO MR. POPE.

POPE, to whose reed beneath the beechen shade,
The nymphs of Thames a pleas'd attention paid;
While yet thy muse, content with humbler praise,
Warbled in Windsor's grove her sylvan lays;
Tho' now sublimely borne on Homer's wing,
Of glorious wars, and godlike chiefs she sing:
Wilt thou with me revisit once again
The crystal fountain, and the flowery plain?
Wilt thou, indulgent, hear my verse relate
The various changes of a lover's state;
And while each turn of passion I pursue,
Ask thy own heart if what I tell be true?

To the green margin of a lonely wood,
Whose pendant shades o'erlook'd a silver flood,

Young Damon came, unknowing where he stray'd,
 Full of the image of his beauteous maid :
 His flock far off, unfed, untended lay,
 To every savage a defenceless prey ;
 No sense of int'rest could their master move,
 And every care seem'd trifling now but love.
 A while in pensive silence he remain'd,
 But tho' his voice was mute, his looks complain'd ;
 At length the thoughts within his bosom pent,
 Forc'd his unwilling tongue to give them vent.

Ye Nymphs, he cry'd, ye Dryads, who so long
 Have favour'd Damon, and inspir'd his song ;
 For whom, retir'd, I shun the gay resorts
 Of sportful cities, and of pompous courts ;
 In vain I bid the restless world adieu,
 To seek tranquillity and peace with you.
 Tho' wild ambition, and destructive rage
 No factions here can form, no wars can wage ;
 Tho' envy frowns not on your humble shades,
 Nor calumny your innocence invades :
 Yet cruel love, that troubler of the breast,
 Too often violates your boasted rest ;
 With inbred storms disturbs your calm retreat,
 And taints with bitterness each rural sweet.

Ah, luckless day ! when first with fond surprise
 On Delia's face I fix'd my eager eyes ;
 Then in wild tumults all my soul was tost,
 Then reason, liberty, at once were lost :
 And every wish, and thought, and care was gone,
 But what my heart employ'd on her alone.
 Then too she smil'd : can smiles our peace destroy,
 These lovely children of content and joy ?

How can soft pleasure and tormenting woe,
From the same spring at the same moment flow ?
Unhappy boy, these vain enquiries cease,
Thought could not guard, nor will restore thy peace :
Indulge the frenzy that thou must endure,
And sooth the pain thou know'st not how to cure.
Come, flatt'ring Memory, and tell my heart
How kind she was, and with what pleasing art
She strove its fondest wishes to obtain,
Confirm her power, and faster bind my chain.
If on the green we danc'd a mirthful band,
'To me alone she gave her willing hand :
Her partial taste, if e'er I touch'd the lyre,
Still in my song found something to admire.
By none but her my crook with flowers was crown'd;
By none but her my brows with ivy bound :
'The world, that Damon was her choice, believ'd ;
'The world, alas ! like Damon, was deceiv'd.
When last I saw her, and declar'd my fire
In words as soft as passion could inspire,
Coldly she heard, and full of scorn withdrew,
Without one pitying glance, one sweet adieu.
'The frighted hind, who sees his ripen'd corn
Up from the roots by sudden tempests torn,
Whose fairest hopes destroy'd and blasted lie,
Feels not so keen a pang of grief as I.
Ah, how have I deserv'd, inhuman maid !
'To have my faithful service thus repaid ?
Were all the marks of kindness I receiv'd,
But dreams of joy, that charm'd me and deceiv'd ?
Or did you only nurse my growing love,
'That with more pain I might your hatred prove ?

Sure guilty treachery no place could find
In such a gentle, such a gen'rous mind :
A maid, brought up the woods and wilds among,
Could ne'er have learn'd the art of courts so young :
No; let me rather think her anger feign'd,
Still let me hope my Delia may be gain'd;
'Twas only modesty that seem'd disdain,
And her heart suffer'd when she gave me pain.

Pleas'd with this flatt'ring thought, the love-sick boy
Felt the faint dawning of a doubtful joy;
Back to his flock more cheerful he return'd,
When now the setting sun less fiercely burn'd,
Blue vapours rose along the mazy rills,
And light's last blushes ting'd the distant hills.

L O R D L Y T T L E T O N. 7

H O P E.

E C L O G U E II.

T O M R. D O D D I N G T O N.

HEAR, DODDINGTON, the notes that shepherds sing,
Notes soft as those of nightingales in spring!
Nor Pan, nor Phœbus tune the shepherd's reed;
From love alone our tender lays proceed;
Love warms our fancy with enliv'ning fires,
Refines our genius, and our verse inspires:
From him Theocritus, on Enna's plains,
Learnt the wild sweetness of his Doric strains;
Virgil by him was taught the moving art,
That charm'd each ear, and soften'd every heart:
O would'st thou quit the pride of courts, and deign
To dwell with us upon the vocal plain,
Thee too his power should reach, and every shade
Resound the praises of thy fav'rite maid;
Thy pipe our rural concert would improve,
And we should learn of thee to please and love.

Damon no longer sought the silent shade,
No more in unfrequented paths he stray'd,
But call'd the nymphs to hear his jocund song,
And told his joy to all the rustic throng.

Blest be the hour, he said, that happy hour,
When first I own'd my Delia's gentle power:

Then gloomy discontent and pining care
Forsook my breast, and left soft wishes there :
Soft wishes there they left, and gay desires,
Delightful languors, and transporting fires.
Where yonder limes combine to form a shade,
'These eyes first gaz'd upon the charming maid;
'There she appear'd, on that auspicious day,
When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay :
She led the dance—heav'ns! with what grace she mov'd!
Who could have seen her then, and not have lov'd?
I strove not to resist so sweet a flame,
But glory'd in a happy captive's name;
Nor wou'd I now, could love permit, be free,
But leave to brutes their savage liberty.

And art thou then, fond swain, secure of joy?
Can no reverse thy flatt'ring bliss destroy?
Has treacherous love no torment yet in store?
Or hast thou never prov'd his fatal power?
Whence flow'd those tears that late bedew'd thy cheek?
Why sigh'd thy heart as if it strove to break?
Why were the desert rocks invoc'd to hear
The plaintive accents of thy sad despair?
From Delia's rigour all those pains arose,
Delia, who now compassionates my woes,
Who bids me hope; and in that charming word
Has peace and transport to my soul restor'd.

Begin, my pipe, begin the gladsome lay;
A kiss from Delia shall thy music pay;
A kiss obtain'd 'twixt struggling and consent,
Given with forc'd anger, and disguis'd content :
No laureat wreaths I ask to bind my brows,
Such as the muse on lofty bards bestows;

Let other swains to praise or fame aspire :
I from her lips my recompence require.

Hark how the bees with murmurs fill the plain
While every flower of every sweet they drain :
See, how beneath yon hillock's shady steep,
The shelter'd herds on flowery couches sleep :
Nor bees, nor herds, are half so blest as I,
If with my fond desires my Love comply ;
From Delia's lips a sweeter honey flows,
And on her bosom dwells more soft repose.

Ah, how, my dear, shall I deserve thy charms ?
What gift can bribe thee to my longing arms ?
A bird for thee in silken bands I hold,
Whose yellow plumage shines like polish'd gold ;
From distant isles the lovely stranger came,
And bears the Fortunate Canaries name ;
In all our woods none boasts so sweet a note,
Not even the nightingale's melodious throat.
Accept of this ; and could I add beside
What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide ;
If all the gems in Eastern rocks were mine,
On thee alone their glittering pride should shine.
But if thy mind no gifts have power to move,
Phœbus himself shall leave th' Aonian grove ;
The tuneful Nine, who never sue in vain,
Shall come sweet suppliants for their fav'rite swain.
For him each blue-ey'd Naiad of the flood,
For him each green-hair'd sister of the wood,
Whom oft beneath fair Cynthia's gentle ray
His music calls to dance the night away.
And you, fair nymphs, companions of my Love,
With whom she joys the cowslip meads to rove,

I beg you recommend my faithful flame,
 And let her often hear her shepherd's name;
 Shade all my faults from her enquiring sight,
 And shew my merits in the fairest light;
 My pipe your kind assistance shall repay,
 And every friend shall claim a different lay.

But see! in yonder glade the heavenly fair
 Enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air——
 Ah, thither let me fly with eager feet:
 Adieu, my pipe, I go my love to meet——
 O may I find her as we parted last,
 And may each future hour be like the past!
 So shall the whitest lamb these pastures feed,
 Propitious Venus, on thy altars bleed.

J E A L O U S Y.

E C L O G U E III.

T O

M R. E D W A R D W A L P O L E.

THE Gods, O WALPOLE, give no bliss sincere:
Wealth is disturb'd by care, and power by fear.

Of all the passions that employ the mind,
In gentle love the sweetest joys we find;
Yet ev'n those joys dire Jealousy molests,
And blackens each fair image in our breasts.
O may the warmth of thy too tender heart
Ne'er feel the sharpness of his venom'd dart;
For thy own quiet think thy mistress just,
And wisely take thy happiness on trust.
Begin, my Muse, and Damon's woes rehearse
In wildest numbers, and disorder'd verse.

On a romantic mountain's airy head
(While browsing goats at ease around him fed)
Anxious he lay, with jealous cares oppress'd;
Distrust and anger lab'ring in his breast—
The vale beneath a pleasing prospect yields,
Of verdant meads and cultivated fields;
Thro' these a river rolls its winding flood,
Adorn'd with various tufts of rising wood;

Here half conceal'd in trees a cottage stands,
A castle there the opening plain commands,
Beyond, a town with glittering spires is crown'd,
And distant hills the wide horizon bound:
So charming was the scene, a while the swain
Beheld delighted, and forgot his pain:
But soon the stings infix'd within his heart,
With cruel force renew'd their raging smart;
His flowery wreath, which long with pride he wore,
The gift of Delia, from his brows he tore:
Then cry'd; May all thy charms, ungrateful maid,
Like these neglected roses droop and fade;
May angry Heaven deform each guilty grace,
That triumphs now in that deluding face;
Those alter'd looks may every shepherd fly,
And even thy Daphnis hate thee worse than I.

Say, thou inconstant, what has Damon done,
To lose the heart his tedious pains had won?
Tell me what charms you in my rival find,
Against whose power no ties have strength to bind:
Has he, like me, with long obedience strove
To conquer your disdain, and merit love?
Has he with transport every smile ador'd,
And dy'd with grief at each ungentle word?
Ah, no! the conquest was obtain'd with ease:
He pleas'd you, by not studying to please:
His careless indolence your pride alarm'd;
And had he lov'd you more, he less had charm'd.

O pain to think, another shall possess
Those balmy lips which I was wont to press;
Another on her panting breast shall lie,
And catch sweet madness from her swimming eye!

I saw their friendly flocks together feed,
 I saw them hand in hand walk o'er the mead:
 Would my clos'd eyes had sunk in endless night,
 Ere I was doom'd to hear that hateful sight!
 Where e'er they pass'd be blasted every flower,
 And hungry wolves their helpless flocks devour!
 Ah, wretched swain! could no examples move
 Thy heedless heart to shun the rage of love?
 Hast thou not heard how poor Menalcas * dy'd
 A victim to Parthenia's fatal pride?
 Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain,
 Lov'd by the nymphs, by Phæbus lov'd in vain:
 Around his tomb their tears the Muses paid,
 And all things mourn'd but the relentless maid.
 Would I could die like him, and be at peace,
 These torments in the quiet grave would cease;
 There my vex'd thoughts a calm repose would find,
 And rest as if my Delia still were kind.
 No, let me live her fallhood to upbraid;
 Some god perhaps my just revenge will aid.—
 Alas! what aid, fond swain, would'st thou receive?
 Could thy heart bear to see its Delia grieve?
 Protect her, Heaven, and let her never know
 The slightest part of hapless Damon's woe:
 I ask no vengeance from the powers above;
 All I implore is never more to love—
 Let me this fondness from my bosom tear,
 Let me forget that e'er I thought her fair.
 Come, cool Indifference, and heal my breast;
 Wearied, at length I seek thy downy rest:

* See Mr. Gay's Dione.

No turbulence of passion shall destroy
My future ease with flatt'ring hopes of joy.
Hear, mighty Pan, and all ye Sylvans hear,
What by your guardian deities I swear;
No more my eyes shall view her fatal charms,
No more I'll court the trait'ress to my arms;
Not all her arts my steady soul shall move,
And she shall find that Reason conquers Love——

Scarce had he spoke, when thro' the lawn below
Alone he saw the beauteous Delia go;
At once transported he forgot his vow,
(Such perjuries the laughing gods allow)
Down the steep hills with ardent haste he flew;
He found her kind, and soon believ'd her true.

P O S S E S S I O N.

E C L O G U E IV.

T O

L O R D C O B H A M.

C O B H A M, to thee this rural lay I bring,
 Whose guiding judgment gives me skill to sing;
 Tho' far unequal to those polish'd strains,
 With which thy Congreve charm'd the listening plains.
 Yet shall its music please thy partial ear, [dear;
 And sooth thy breast with thoughts that once were
 Recall those years which time has thrown behind,
 When smiling Love with honour shar'd thy mind:
 The sweet remembrance shall thy youth restore,
 Fancy again shall run past pleasures o'er,
 And while in Stowe's enchanting walks you stray,
 This theme may help to cheat the summer's day.

Beneath the covert of a myrtle wood,
 To Venus rais'd, a rustic altar stood,
 To Venus and to Hymen, there combin'd,
 In friendly league to favour human kind.
 With wanton Cupids in that happy shade,
 The gentle Virtues, and mild Wisdom play'd.
 Nor there in sprightly Pleasure's genial train,
 Lurk'd sick Disgust, or late repenting Pain,

Nor Force, nor Int'rest, join'd unwilling hands,
 But Love consenting ty'd the blissful bands.
 Thither with glad Devotion Damon came,
 To thank the powers who blest'd his faithful flame;
 Two milk-white doves he on their altar laid,
 And thus to both his grateful homage paid:
 Hail, bounteous god, before whose hallow'd shrine
 My Delia vow'd to be for ever mine,
 While glowing in her cheeks, with tender love,
 Sweet virgin modesty reluctant strove:
 And hail to thee, fair queen of young desires,
 Long shall my heart preserve thy pleasing fires,
 Since Delia now can all its warmth return,
 As fondly languish, and as fiercely burn.

O the dear gloom of last propitious night!
 O shade more charming than the fairest light!
 Then in my arms I clasp'd the melting maid,
 Then all my pains one moment overpaid;
 Then first the sweet excess of bliss I prov'd,
 Which none can taste but who like me have lov'd.
 Thou, too, bright goddess, once in Ida's grove,
 Didst not disdain to meet a shepherd's love,
 With him while frisking lambs around him play'd,
 Conceal'd you sported in the secret shade;
 Scarce could Anchises' raptures equal mine,
 And Delia's beauties only yield to thine.

What are you now, my once most valu'd joys,
 Insipid trifles all, and childish toys——
 Friendship itself ne'er knew a charm like this,
 Nor Colin's talk could please like Delia's kiss.

Ye Muses, skill'd in every winning art,
 Teach me more deeply to engage her heart;

Ye Nymphs, to her your freshest roses bring,
 And crown her with the pride of all the spring;
 On all her days let health and peace attend;
 May she ne'er want, nor ever lose a friend;
 May some new pleasure ev'ry hour employ;
 But let her Damon be her highest joy.

With thee, my Love, for ever will I stay,
 All night caress thee, and admire all day;
 In the same field our mingled flocks we'll feed,
 To the same spring our thirsty heifers lead;
 Together will we share the harvest toils,
 Together press the vine's autumnal spoils.
 Delightful state, where peace and love combine
 To bid our tranquil days unclouded shine!
 Here limpid fountains roll through flowery meads,
 Here rising forests lift their verdant heads;
 Here let me wear my careless life away,
 And in thy arms insensibly decay.

When late old age our heads shall silver o'er,
 And our slow pulses dance with joy no more;
 When time no longer will thy beauties spare,
 And only Damon's eye shall think thee fair;
 Then may the gentle hand of welcome death,
 At one soft stroke deprive us both of breath;
 May we beneath one common stone be laid,
 And the same cypress both our ashes shade.
 Perhaps some friendly Muse, in tender verse,
 Shall deign our faithful passion to rehearse,
 And future ages with just envy mov'd,
 Be told how Damon and his Delia lov'd.

S O L I L O Q U Y

O F A

BEAUTY IN THE COUNTRY.

Written at ETON School.

'T WAS night; and FLAVIA to her room retir'd,
 With evening chat and sober reading tir'd;
 There, melancholy, pensive, and alone,
 She meditates on the forsaken town:
 On her rais'd arm declin'd her drooping head,
 She sigh'd, and thus in plaintive accents said:

- " Ah, what avails it to be young and fair,
 " To move with negligence, to dress with care?
 " What worth have all the charms our pride can
 " boast,
 " If all in envious solitude are lost?
 " Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;
 " Where none are Beaus, 'tis vain to be a Belle:
 " Beauty, like wit, to judges should be shown;
 " Both most are valu'd where they best are known.
 " With every grace of nature, or of art,
 " We cannot break one stubborn country heart:
 " The brutes, insensible, our power defy:
 " To love, exceeds a Squire's capacity.
 " The town, the court, is Beauty's proper sphere;
 " That is our heaven, and we are angels There:

" In that gay circle thousands Cupids rove;
 " The court of Britain is the court of Love.
 " How has my conscious heart with triumph glow'd,
 " How have my sparkling eyes their transport show'd,
 " At each distinguish'd birth-night ball, to see
 " The homage due to empire, paid to me!
 " When every eye was fix'd on me alone,
 " And dreaded mine more than the monarch's frown:
 " When rival statesmen for my favour strove,
 " Less jealous in their power, than in their love.
 " Chang'd is the scene; and all my glories die,
 " Like flowers transplanted to a colder sky;
 " Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,
 " The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain.
 " In stupid indolence my life is spent,
 " Supinely calm, and dully innocent:
 " Unblest'd I wear my useless life away;
 " Sleep (wretched maid!) all night, and dream all day;
 " Go at set hours to dinner and to pray'r;
 " For dulness ever must be regular.
 " Now with mamma at tedious whist I play;
 " Now without scandal drink insipid tea;
 " Or in the garden breathe the country air,
 " Secure from meeting any Tempter there:
 " From books to work, from work to books I rove,
 " And am (alas!) at leisure to improve!
 " Is this the life a Beauty ought to lead?
 " Were eyes so radiant only made to read?
 " These fingers, at whose touch even age would glow,
 " Are these of use for nothing but to sew?
 " Sure erring Nature never could design
 " To form a housewife in a mould like mine!

" O Venus, queen and guardian of the fair,
" Attend propitious to thy vot'ry's prayer :
" Let me revisit the dear town again :
" Let me be seen!—could I that wish obtain,
" All other wishes my own power would gain."

}

B L E N H E I M .

Writ at the University of Oxford, in the
Year 1727.

PARENT of arts, whose skilful hand first taught
The towering pile to rise, and form'd the plan
With fair proportion; architect divine,
Minerva, thee to my advent'rous lyre
Assistent I invoke, that means to sing
BLENHEMIA, monument of British fame,
Thy glorious work! For thou the lofty towers
Didst to his virtue raise, whom oft thy shield
In peril guarded, and thy wisdom steer'd
Through all the storms of war.—Thee too I call,
Thalia, sylvan muse, who lov'st to rove
Along the shady paths and verdant bowers
Of Woodstock's happy grove: there, tuning sweet
Thy rural pipe, while all the Dryad train
Attentive listen, let thy warbling song
Paint with melodious praise the pleasing scene,
And equal these to Pindus' honour'd shades.

When Europe freed, confess'd the saving power
Of MARLB'ROUGH's hand; Britain, who sent him forth
Chief of confederate hosts, to fight the cause
Of Liberty and Justice, grateful rais'd
This palace, sacred to her leader's fame;
A trophy of success; with spoils adorn'd

Of conquer'd towns, and glorying in the name
Of that auspicious field, where CHURCHILL's sword
Vanquish'd the might of Gallia, and chafis'd
Rebel Bavar.—Majestic in its strength
Stands the proud dome, and speaks its great design.

Hail, happy chief, whose valour could deserve
Reward so glorious! grateful nation, hail,
Who paidst his service with so rich a meed!
Which most shall I admire, which worthiest praise,
The hero or the people? Honour doubts,
And weighs their virtues in an equal scale.
Not thus Germania pays th' uncancell'd debt
Of gratitude to us.—Blush, Cæsar, blush,
When thou behold'st these towers, ingrate, to thee
A monument of shame. Canst thou forget
Whence they are nam'd, and what an English arm
Did for thy throne that day? But we disdain
Or to upbraid or imitate thy guilt.
Steel thy obdurate heart against the sense
Of obligation infinite, and know,
Britain, like heaven, protects a thankless world
For her own glory, nor expects reward.

Pleas'd with the noble theme, her task the muse
Pursues untir'd, and through the palace roves
With ever new delight. The tap'stry rich
With gold, and gay with all the beauteous paint
Of various colour'd silks, dispos'd with skill,
Attracts her curious eye. Here Ister rolls
His purple wave; and there the Granic flood
With passing squadrons foams: here hardy Gaul
Flies from the sword of Britain; there to Greece
Effeminate Persia yields.—In arms oppos'd

MARLB'ROUGH and ALEXANDER vie for fame
With glorious competition; equal both
In valour and in fortune: but their praise
Be different, for with different views they fought;
This to *subdue*, and that to *free* mankind.

Now through the stately portals issuing forth,
The muse to softer glories turns, and seeks
The woodland shade, delighted. Not the vale
Of Tempe, fam'd in song, or Ida's grove,
Such beauty boasts. Amid the mazy gloom
Of this romantic wilderness once stood
The bower of Rosamonda, hapless fair,
Sacred to grief and love: the crystal fount
In which she us'd to bathe her beauteous limbs
Still warbling flows, pleas'd to reflect the face
Of SPENCER, lovely maid, when tir'd she sits
Beside its flowery brink, and views those charms
Which only Rosamond could once excel.
But see where flowing with a nobler stream,
A limpid lake of purest waters rolls
Beneath the wide-stretch'd arch, stupendous work,
Through which the Danube might collected pour
His spacious urn! Silent a while, and smooth
The current glides, till with an headlong force
Broke and disorder'd, down the steep it falls
In loud cascades; the silver-sparkling foam
Glitters relucient in the dancing ray.

In these retreats repos'd the mighty soul
Of CHURCHILL, from the toils of war and state,
Splendidly private, and the tranquil joy
Of contemplation felt, while BLENHEIM's dome
Triumphal, ever in his mind renew'd

The mem'ry of his fame, and sooth'd his thoughts
With pleasing record of his glorious deeds.
So, by the rage of faction, home recall'd,
Lucullus, while he wag'd successful war
Against the pride of Asia, and the power
Of Mithridates, whose aspiring mind
No losses could subdue, enrich'd with spoils
Of conquer'd nations, back return'd to Rome,
And in magnificent retirement pass'd
The evening of his life.—But not alone,
In the calm shades of honourable ease,
Great MARLBRO' peaceful dwelt: indulgent heaven
Gave a companion to his softer hours,
With whom conversing, he forgot all change
Of fortune, or of taste, and in her mind
Found greatness equal to his own, and lov'd
Himself in her.—Thus each by each admir'd,
In mutual honour, mutual fondness join'd:
Like two fair stars with intermingled light,
In friendly union they together shone,
Aiding each other's brightness, till the cloud
Of night eternal quench'd the beams of one.
Thee, CHURCHILL first, the ruthless hand of death
Tore from thy consort's side, and call'd thee hence
To the sublimer seats of joy and love;
Where fate again shall join her soul to thine,
Who now, regardful of thy fame, erects
The column to thy praise, and sooths her woe
With pious honours to thy sacred name
Immortal. Lo! where tow'ring on the height
Of yon aerial pillar proudly stands
Thy image, like a guardian god, sublime,

And awes the subject plain : beneath his feet,
The German eagles spread their wings, his hand
Grafps victory, its slave. Such was thy brow
Majestic, such thy martial port, when Gaul
Fled from thy frown, and in the Danube fought
A refuge from thy sword.—There, where the field
Was deepest stain'd with gore, on Hochstet's plain,
The theatre of thy glory, once was rais'd
A meaner trophy, by th' Imperial hand ;
Extorted gratitude ; which now the rage
Of malice impotent, befeeming ill
A regal breast, has levell'd to the ground :
Mean insult ! this with better auspices
Shall stand on British earth, to tell the world
How MARLBRO' fought, for whom, and how repaid
His services. Nor shall the constant love
Of her, who rais'd this monument, be lost
In dark oblivion : that shall be the theme
Of future bards in ages yet unborn,
Inspir'd with Chaucer's fire, who in these groves
First tun'd the British harp, and little deem'd
His humble dwelling should the neighbour be
Of BLENHEIM, house superb ; to which the throng
Of travellers approaching, shall not pass
His roof unnoted, but respectful hail
With rev'rence due. Such honour does the muse
Obtain her fav'rites.—But the noble pile
(My theme) demands my voice.—O shade ador'd,
MARLBROUGH ! who now above the starry sphere
Dwell'st in the palaces of heaven, enthron'd
Among the demi-gods, deign to defend
This thy abode, while present here below,

And sacred still to thy immortal fame,
With tutelary care. Preserve it safe
From time's destroying hand, and cruel stroke
Of factious envy's more relentless rage.
Here may, long ages hence, the British youth,
When honour calls them to the field of war,
Behold the trophies which thy valour rais'd;
The proud reward of thy successful toils
For Europe's freedom, and Britannia's fame :
That, fir'd with generous envy, they may dare
To emulate thy deeds.—So shall thy name,
Dear to thy country, still inspire her sons
With martial virtue; and to high attempts
Excite their arms, till other battles won,
And nations fav'd, new monuments require,
And other **BLENHEIMS** shall adorn the land.

TO THE

Reverend Dr. A Y S C O U G H
at OXFORD.

Writ from Paris in the Year 1728.

SAY, dearest friend, how roll thy hours away?
What pleasing study cheats the tedious day?
Dost thou the sacred volumes oft explore
Of wise antiquity's immortal lore,
Where virtue, by the charms of wit refin'd,
At once exalts and polishes the mind?
How different from our modern guilty art,
Which pleases, only to corrupt the heart;
Whose curs'd refinements odious vice adorn,
And teach to honour what we ought to scorn!
Dost thou in sage historians joy to see
How Roman greatness rose with liberty;
How the same hands that tyrants durst control,
Their empire stretch'd from Atlas to the Pole;
Till wealth and conquest into slaves refin'd
The proud luxurious masters of mankind?
Dost thou in letter'd Greece each charm admire,
Each grace, each virtue freedom could inspire;
Yet in her troubled states see all the woes,
And all the crimes that giddy faction knows;
Till rent by parties, by corruption sold,
Or weakly careless, or too rashly bold,

She sunk beneath a mitigated doom,
 The slave and tut'refs of protecting Rome?
 Does calm philosophy her aid impart,
 To guide the passions, and to mend the heart?
 Taught by her precepts, hast thou learnt the end
 To which alone the wise their studies bend;
 For which alone by nature were design'd
 The powers of thought—To benefit mankind?
 Not like a cloyster'd drone, to read and doze,
 In undeserving, undeserv'd repose;
 But reason's influence to diffuse; to clear
 Th' enlighten'd world of ev'ry gloomy fear;
 Dispel the mists of error, and unbind
 Those pedant chains that clog the free-born mind.
 Happy who thus his leisure can employ!
 He knows the purest hours of tranquil joy;
 Nor vex'd with pangs that busier bosoms tear,
 Nor lost to social virtue's pleasing care;
 Safe in the port, yet lab'ring to sustain
 Those who still float on the tempestuous main.

So Locke the days of studious quiet spent;
 So Boyle in wisdom found divine content;
 So Cambray, worthy of a happier doom,
 The virtuous slave of Louis and of Rome.

Good * Wor'ster thus supports his drooping age,
 Far from court-flatt'ry, far from party-age;
 He, who in youth a tyrant's frown defy'd,
 Firm and intrepid on his country's side,
 Her boldest champion then, and now her mildest
 guide.

* Dr. Hough.

O generous warmth! O sanctity divine!
To emulate his worth, my friend, be thine!
Learn from his life the duties of the gown;
Learn not to flatter, nor insult the crown;
Nor, basely servile, court the guilty great,
Nor raise the church a rival to the state:
To error mild, to vice alone severe,
Seek not to spread the law of love by fear.
The priest, who plagues the world, can never mend:
No foe to man was e'er to God a friend.
Let reason and let virtue faith maintain,
All force but theirs is impious, weak, and vain.

Me other cares in other climes engage,
Cares that become my birth, and suit my age;
In various knowledge to improve my youth,
And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth;
By foreign arts domestic faults to mend,
Enlarge my notions, and my views extend;
The useful science of the world to know,
Which books can never teach, or pedants show.

A nation here I pity, and admire,
Whom noblest sentiments of glory fire,
Yet taught by custom's force, and bigot fear,
To serve with pride, and boast the yoke they bear:
Whose nobles, born to cringe, and to command,
In courts a mean, in camps a gen'rous band;
From each low tool of power content receive
Those laws, their dreaded arms to Europe give.
Whose people vain in want, in bondage blest'd,
'Tho' plunder'd, gay; industrious, tho' oppress'd;
With happy follies rise above their fate,
The jest and envy of each wiser state.

Yet here the muses deign'd a while to sport
 In the short sun-shine of a fav'ring court :
 Here Boileau, strong in sense, and sharp in wit,
 Who from the ancients, like the ancients writ,
 Permission gain'd inferior vice to blame,
 By flatt'ring incense to his master's fame.
 Here Moliere, first of comic wits, excell'd
 Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld ;
 By keen, yet decent satire skill'd to please,
 With morals mirth uniting, strength with ease.
 Now charm'd, I hear the bold Corneille inspire
 Heroic thoughts with Shakespear's force and fire;
 Now sweet Racine with milder influence move
 The soften'd heart to pity and to love.

With mingled pain and pleasure I survey
 The pompous works of arbitrary sway ;
 Proud palaces, that drain'd the subjects store,
 Rais'd on the ruins of th' oppress'd and poor ;
 Where even mute walls are taught to flatter state,
 And painted triumphs stile ambition GREAT. *
 With more delight those pleasing shades I view,
 Where Condé from an envious court withdrew † ;
 Where, sick of glory, faction, power and pride,
 (Sure judge how empty all, who all had try'd)
 Beneath his palms the weary chief repos'd,
 And life's great scene in quiet virtue clos'd.

With shame that other fam'd retreat I see
 Adorn'd by art, disgrac'd by luxury ‡ ;

* The victories of Louis XIV. painted in the galleries of Versailles.

† Chantilly.

‡ St. Cloud.

Where Orleans wasted ev'ry vacant hour
 In the wild riot of unbounded power;
 Where feverish debauch and impious love
 Stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove.

With these amusements is thy friend detain'd,
 Pleas'd and instructed in a foreign land;
 Yet oft a tender wish recalls my mind
 From present joys to dearer left behind:

O native isle, fair freedom's happiest seat!
 At thought of thee, my bounding pulses beat;
 At thought of thee, my heart impatient burns,
 And all my country on my soul returns.
 When shall I see thy fields, whose plenteous grain
 No power can ravish from th' industrious swain?
 When kiss with pious love the sacred earth,
 That gave a BURLEIGH, or a RUSSEL birth?
 When, in the shade of laws, that long have stood,
 Prop'd by their care, or strengthen'd by their blood,
 Of fearless independence wisely vain,
 The proudest slave of Bourbon's race disdain?

Yet oh! what doubt, what sad presaging voice
 Whispers within, and bids me not rejoice;
 Bids me contemplate every state around,
 From sultry Spain to Norway's icy bound;
 Bids their lost rights, their ruin'd glories see;
 And tells me, These, like England, once were Free.

T O

MR. P O Y N T Z,

AMBASSADOR at the CONGRESS of SOISSONS,
in the year 1728.

Written at Paris.

O Thou, whose friendship is my joy and pride,
Whose virtues warm me, and whose precepts guide;
Thou, to whom greatness, rightly understood,
Is but a larger power of being good;
Say, Poyntz, amidst the toils of anxious state,
Does not thy secret soul desire retreat?
Dost thou not wish (the task of glory done)
Thy busy life at length might be thy own;
That to thy lov'd philosophy resign'd,
No care might ruffle thy unbended mind?
Just is the wish. For sure the happiest meed,
To favour'd man by smiling heaven decreed,
Is to reflect at ease on glorious pains,
And calmly to enjoy what virtue gains.
Not him I praise, who from the world retir'd,
By no enlivening generous passion fir'd,

On flowery couches slumbers life away,
 And gently bids his active powers decay;
 Who fears bright glory's awful face to see,
 And shuns renown as much as infamy.
 But blest'd is he, who, exercis'd in cares,
 To private leisure public virtue bears;
 Who, tranquil, ends the race he nobly run,
 And decks repose with trophies labour won.
 Him honour follows to the secret shade,
 And crowns propitious his declining head;
 In his retreats their harps the muses string,
 For him in lays unbought spontaneous sing;
 Friendship and truth on all his moments wait,
 Pleas'd with retirement, better than with state;
 And round the bower where humbly great he lies,
 Fair olives bloom, or verdant laurels rise.

So when thy country shall no more demand
 The needful aid of thy sustaining hand;
 When peace restor'd, shall on her downy wing
 Secure repose, and careless leisure bring;
 Then to the shades of learned ease retir'd,
 The world forgetting, by the world admir'd,
 Among thy books and friends, thou shalt possess
 Contemplative and quiet happiness;
 Pleas'd to review a life in honour spent,
 And painful merit paid with sweet content.
 Yet, tho' thy hours unclogg'd with sorrow roll,
 Tho' wisdom calm, and science feed thy soul;
 One dearer bliss remains to be possess'd,
 That **only** can improve and crown the rest.—

Permit thy friend this secret to reveal,
 Which thy own heart perhaps would better tell:

The point to which our sweetest passions move,
Is, to be truly lov'd, and fondly love.
'This is the charm that smooths the troubled breast;
Friend to our health, and author of our rest,
Bids every gloomy vexing passion fly,
And tunes each jarring string to harmony.
Even while I write, the name of love inspires
More pleasing thoughts, and more enlivening fires;
Beneath his power my raptur'd fancy glows,
And every tender verse more sweetly flows.
Dull is the privilege of living free;
Our hearts were never form'd for liberty:
Some beauteous image well imprinted there,
Can best defend them from consuming care.
In vain to groves and gardens we retire,
And nature in her rural works admire;
'Tho' grateful these, yet these but faintly charm;
They may delight us, but can never warm.
May some fair eyes, my friend, thy bosom fire
With pleasing pangs of ever gay desire;
And teach thee that soft science, which alone
Still to thy searching mind rests slightly known!
'Thy soul, tho' great, is tender and refin'd,
'To friendship sensible, to love inclin'd;
And therefore long thou can'st not arm thy breast
Against the entrance of so sweet a guest.
Hear what th' inspiring muses bid me tell,
For heaven shall ratify what they reveal.
A chosen bride shall in thy arms be plac'd,
With all th' attractive charms of beauty grac'd;
Whose wit and virtue shall thy own express,
Distinguish'd only by their softer dress:

Thy greatness she, or thy retreat shall share,
Sweeten tranquillity, or soften care :
Her smiles the taste of every joy shall raise,
And add new pleasure to renown and praise;
Till charm'd you own the truth my verse would prove,
That happiness is near ally'd to love.

V E R S E S

To be written under a PICTURE of

M R. P O Y N T Z.

SUCH is thy form, O Poyntz! but who shall find
A hand, or colours to express thy mind?
A mind unmov'd by every vulgar fear,
In a false world that dares to be sincere;
Wise without art; without ambition great;
Tho' firm, yet pliant; active, tho' sedate;
With all the richest stores of learning fraught;
Yet better still by native prudence taught;
That, fond the griefs of the distress'd to heal,
Can pity frailties it could never feel;
That, when misfortune sued, ne'er sought to know
What sect, what party, whether friend or foe;
That, fix'd on equal virtue's temp'rate laws,
Despises calumny, and shuns applause;
That, to its own perfections singly blind,
Would for another think this praise design'd.

A N

E P I S T L E

T O M R . P O P E .

From Rome, 1730.

IMMORTAL bard! for whom each muse has wove
 The fairest garlands of th' Aonian grove;
 Preserv'd, our drooping genius to restore,
 When Addison and Congreve are no more;
 After so many stars extinct in night
 The darken'd age's last remaining light!
 To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
 Inspir'd by memory of ancient wit;
 For now no more these climes their influence boast,
 Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost.
 From tyrants, and from priests the muses fly,
 Daughters of reason and of liberty:
 Nor Baiæ now, nor Umbria's plain they love,
 Nor on the banks of Nar, or Mincius rove;
 To Thames's flowery borders they retire,
 And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
 So in the shades, where, cheer'd with summer rays,
 Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
 Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
 Of gloomy winter's un auspicious reign,

No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
But mournful silence saddens all the grove.

Unhappy Italy! whose alter'd state
Has felt the worst severity of fate:
Not that barbarian hands her fasces broke,
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;
Not that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her cities desert, and her fields unsown;
But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,
That sacred wisdom from her bounds is fled,
That there the source of science flows no more,
Whence its rich stream supply'd the world before.

Illustrious names! that once in Latium shin'd;
Born to instruct, and to command mankind;
Chiefs, by whose virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
And poets, who those chiefs sublimely prais'd!
Oft I the traces you have left explore,
Your ashes visit, and your urns adore;
Oft kiss, with lips devout, some mould'ring stone,
With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown;
Those hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to see
Than all the pomp of modern luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flow'rs I strow'd,
While with th' inspiring muse my bosom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays my ravish'd eyes
Beheld the poet's awful form arise;
Stranger, he said, whose pious hand has paid,
These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
To Pope this message from his master bear:

Great bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,
To whom I give my own harmonious lyre,

If high exalted on the throne of wit,
Near me and Homer thou aspire to sit,
No more let meaner satire dim the rays
That flow majestic from thy nobler bays;
In all the flowery paths of Pindus stray,
But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way;
Nor, when each soft engaging muse is thine,
Address the least attractive of the Nine.

Of thee more worthy were the task, to raise
A lasting column to thy country's praise;
To sing the land, which yet alone can boast
That liberty corrupted Rome has lost;
Where science in the arms of peace is laid,
And plants her palm beside the olive's shade.
Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,
Such was the people whose exploits I sung;
Brave, yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,
With different bays by Mars and Phoebus crown'd;
Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway,
But pleas'd a mild Augustus to obey.

If these commands submissive thou receive,
Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live;
Envy to black Cocytus shall retire,
And howl with furies in tormenting fire;
Approving time shall consecrate thy lays,
And join the patriot's to the poet's praise.

T O.

M Y L O R D H E R V E Y.

In the year 1730.

From Worcestershire.

*Strenua nos exercet inertia: navibus atque
 Quadrigis petimus bene Vivere: quod petis, hic est;
 Est Ulubris, Animus si te non deficit æquus.*

HORACE.

FAV'RITE of Venus and the tuneful Nine,
 Pollio, by nature form'd in courts to shine,
 Wilt thou once more a kind attention lend
 To thy long absent and forgotten friend;
 Who, after seas and mountains wander'd o'er,
 Return'd at length to his own native shore,
 From all that's gay retir'd, and all that's great,
 Beneath the shades of his paternal seat
 Has found that happiness he sought in vain
 On the sam'd banks of Tiber and of Seine?

'Tis not to view the well-proportion'd pile,
 The charms of Titian's and of Raphael's stile;
 At soft Italian sounds to melt away;
 Or in the fragrant groves of myrtle stray;
 That lulls the tumults of the soul to rest,
 Or makes the fond possessor truly blest'd.

In our own breasts the source of pleasure lies :
 Still open, and still flowing to the wise ;
 Not forc'd by toilsome art and wild desire
 Beyond the bounds of nature to aspire
 But in its proper channels gliding fair ;
 A common benefit, which all may share.
 Yet half mankind this easy good disdain,
 Nor relish happiness unbought by pain ;
 False is their taste of bliss, and thence their search
 is vain.

So idle, yet so restless are our minds,
 We climb the Alps, and brave the raging winds ;
 Through various toils to seek content we roam,
 Which with but *thinking right* were our's at home.
 For not the ceaseless change of shifted place
 Can from the heart a settled grief erase,
 Nor can the purer balm of foreign air
 Heal the distemper'd mind of aching care.
 The wretch by wild impatience driv'n to rove
 Vex'd with the pangs of ill-requited love,
 From pole to pole the fatal arrow bears,
 Whose rooted point his bleeding bosom tears ;
 With equal pain each different clime he tries,
 And is himself that torment which he flies.

For how should ills, that from our passions flow,
 Be chang'd by Afric's heat, or Russia's snow ?
 Or how can aught but powerful reason cure,
 What, from unthinking folly, we endure ?
 Happy is he, and he alone, who knows
 His heart's uneasy discord to compose ;
 In gen'rous love of others good to find
 The sweetest pleasures of the social mind ;

To bound his wishes in their proper sphere;
To nourish pleasing hope, and conquer anxious fear.
This was the wisdom ancient sages taught,
This was the sovereign good they justly sought;
This to no place or climate is confin'd,
But the free native produce of the mind.

Nor think, my Lord, that courts to you deny
The useful practice of philosophy:
Horace, the wisest of the tuneful choir,
Not always chose from greatness to retire,
But in the palace of Augustus knew
The same unerring maxims to pursue,
Which in the Sabine or the Velian shade
His study and his happiness he made.

May you, my friend, by his example taught,
View all the giddy scene with sober thought;
Undazzled every glitt'ring folly see,
And in the midst of slavish forms be free;
In its own centre keep your steady mind;
Let prudence guide you, but let honour bind;
In show, in manners, act the courtier's part,
But be a country-gentleman at heart.

A D V I C E

T O

A L A D Y. 1731.

THE counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
 Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
 Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,
 Such truths as women seldom learn from men.
 Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I shew
 What female vanity might fear to know:
 Some merit's mine, to dare to be sincere,
 But greater your's, sincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;
 Women, like princes, find few real friends:
 All who approach them their own ends pursue:
 Lovers and ministers are seldom true.
 Hence oft from reason heedless beauty strays,
 And the most trusted guide the most betrays:
 Hence by fond dreams of fancy'd power amus'd,
 When most you tyrannize, you're most abus'd.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
 Your heart's supreme ambition? To be fair:
 For this the toilet every thought employs,
 Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys:
 For this, hands, lips, and eyes are put to school,
 And each instructed feature has its rule:

And yet how few have learnt, when this is given,
Not to disgrace the partial boon of heaven?
How few with all their pride of form can move?
How few are lovely, that were made for love?
Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess
An elegance of mind as well as dress;
Be that your ornament, and know to please
By graceful nature's unaffected ease.

Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
But wisely rest content with modest sense;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too strong for feeble woman to sustain;
Of those who claim it, more than half have none,
And half of those who have it, are undone.

Be still superior to your sex's arts,
Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts;
For you the plainest is the wisest rule,
A CUNNING WOMAN is a KNAVISH FOOL.

Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.
Prudes rail at whores, as statesmen in disgrace
At ministers, because they wish their place.
Virtue is amiable, mild, serene,
Without, all beauty, and all peace, within:
The honour of a prude is rage and storm,
'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form:
Fiercely it stands defying gods and men,
As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.
Seek to be good, but aim not to be great:
A woman's noblest station is retreat;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

To rougher man ambition's talk resign :

'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine,
 To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
 Or dare the rage of envy, and be great.
 One only care your gentle breasts should move,
 Th' important business of your life is love;
 To this great point direct your constant aim,
 This makes your happiness, and this your fame.

Be never cool reserve with passion join'd :
 With caution chuse; but then be fondly kind.
 The selfish heart, that but by halves is given,
 Shall find no place in love's delightful heaven;
 Here sweet extremes alone can truly bless;
 The virtue of a lover is excess.

A maid unask'd may own a well-plac'd flame,
 Not loving *first*, but loving *wrong* is shame.

Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
 Nor think that conquest justifies disdain;
 Short is the period of insulting power :
 Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour;
 Soon will resume the empire which he gave,
 And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.

Bless'd is the maid, and worthy to be bless'd,
 Whose soul entire by him she loves possess'd,
 Feels every vanity in fondness lost,
 And asks no power, but that of pleasing most :
 Her's is the bliss in just return to prove
 The honest warmth of undissembled love;
 For her, inconstant man might cease to range,
 And gratitude forbid desire to change.

But lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy,
 And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,

Let reason teach what passion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by prudence should be ty'd:
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
If angry fortune on their union frown:
Soon will the flatt'ring dream of bliss be o'er,
And cloy'd imagination cheat no more.
Then waking to the sense of lasting pain,
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain;
And that fond love, which should afford relief,
Does but increase the anguish of their grief;
While both could easier their own sorrows bear,
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
Than sell your violated charms for gain;
Than wed the wretch whom you despise, or hate,
For the vain glare of useless wealth or state.
The most abandon'd prostitutes are they,
Who, not to love, but av'rice, fall a prey:
Nor aught avails the specious name of WIFE;
A maid so wedded, is a WHORE FOR LIFE.

Even in the happiest choice, where fav'ring heaven
Has equal love, and easy fortune given,
Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done:
The prize of happiness must still be won;
And oft, the careless find it to their cost,
The *lover* in the *husband* may be lost:
The *graces* might *alone* his heart *allure*;
They and the *virtues* *meeting* must *secure*.
Let even your prudence wear the pleasing dress
Of care for *him*, and anxious *tendernefs*.
From kind concern about his weal, or woe,
Let each domestic duty seem to flow;

The HOUSHOLD SCEPTRE if he bids you bear,
Make it your pride his *servant* to appear:
Endearing thus the common acts of life,
The *mistress* still shall charm him in the *wife*;
And wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone;
Ev'n o'er your cold, and ever-sacred urn,
His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

'Thus I, Belinda, would your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love:
The task were harder to secure my own
Against the power of those already known:
For well you twist the secret chains that bind
With gentle force the captivated mind,
Skill'd every soft attraction to employ,
Each flatt'ring hope, and each alluring joy;
I own your genius, and from you receive
The rules of pleasing, which to you I give.

S O N G.

Written in the Year 1732.

I.

WHEN DELIA on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be Love.

II.

When'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but her's can hear,
No other wit but her's approve;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be Love.

III.

If she some other youth commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be Love.

IV.

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring, or shadiest grove;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be Love.

V.

When fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be Love.

S O N G.

Written in the Year 1733.

I.

THE heavy hours are almost past
That part my love and me;
My longing eyes may hope at last
Their only wish to see.

II.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've lost so long?
Will love in all your pulses beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

III.

Will you in every look declare
Your heart is still the same?
And heal each idly-anxious care
Our fears in absence frame?

IV.

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
When shortly we shall meet,
And try what yet remains between
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

V.

But if the dream that sooths my mind
Shall false and groundless prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love;

II

VI.

All I of Venus ask, is this;
No more to let us join;
But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,
To die and think you mine.

DAMON AND DELIA.

In Imitation of HORACE and LYDIA.

Written in the Year 1732.

DAMON.

TELL me, my Delia, tell me why
 My kindest, fondest looks you fly:
 What means this cloud upon your brow?
 Have I offended? tell me how?
 Some change has happen'd in your heart,
 Some rival there has stolen a part;
 Reason these fears may disapprove:
 But yet I fear, because I love.

DELIA.

First, tell me, Damon, why to-day
 At Belvidera's feet you lay?
 Why with such warmth her charms you prais'd,
 And ev'ry trifling beauty rais'd,
 As if you meant to let me see
 Your flattery is not all for me?
 Alas! too well your sex I knew,
 Nor was so weak to think you true.

DAMON.

Unkind! my fallhood to upbraid,
 When your own orders I obey'd:
 You bid me try by this deceit
 The notice of the world to cheat,

And hide beneath another name
'The secret of our mutual flame.

DELIA.

Damon, your prudence I confess,
But let me wish it had been less;
'Too well the lover's part you play'd,
With too much art your court you made;
Had it been only art, your eyes
Would not have join'd in the disguise.

DAMON.

Ah, cease thus idly to molest
With groundless fears thy virgin breast.
While thus at fancy'd wrongs you grieve,
To me a real pain you give.

DELIA.

'Tho' well I might your truth distrust,
My foolish heart believes you just;
Reason this faith may disapprove,
But I believe, because I love.

O D E,
In Imitation of PASTOR FIDO.

[O Primavera Gioventu del Anno.]

Written abroad in 1729.

I.

PARENT of blooming flowers and gay desires,
Youth of the tender year, delightful spring,
At whose approach, inspir'd with equal fires,
The am'rous nightingale and poet sing :

II.

Again dost thou return, but not with thee
Return the smiling hours I once possess'd ;
Blessings thou bring'st to others, but to me
The sad remembrance, that I once was bless'd.

III.

Thy faded charms, which winter snatch'd away,
Renew'd in all their former lustre, shine ;
But ah ! no more shall hapless I be gay,
Or know the vernal joys that have been mine.

IV.

Tho' linnets sing, tho' flowers adorn the green,
Tho' on their wings soft zephyrs fragrance bear ;
Harsh is the music, joyless is the scene,
The odour faint ; for Delia is not there.

V.

Cheerless and cold I feel the genial sun ;
From thee while absent I in exile rove :
Thy lovely presence, fairest light, alone
Can warm my heart to gladness and to love.

Part of an ELEGY of TIBULLUS
translated.

(Divitias alius fulvo sibi congerat Auro.)

1729-30.

LET others heap of wealth a shining store,
And much possessing, labour still for more;
Let them, disquieted with dire alarms,
Aspire to win a dang'rous fame in arms :
Me tranquil poverty shall lull to rest,
Humbly secure, and indolently blest ;
Warm'd by the blaze of my own cheerful hearth,
I'll waste the wint'ry hours in social mirth ;
In summer pleas'd attend to harvest toils,
In autumn press the vineyard's purple spoils,
And oft to Delia in my bosom bear
Some kid, or lamb, that wants its mother's care :
With her I'll celebrate each gladsome day,
When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay,
With her new milk on Pales' altar pour,
And deck with ripen'd fruits Pomona's bower.
At night, how soothing would it be to hear,
Shelter'd and warm, the tempest whistling near ;
Or, while the wintry clouds their deluge pour,
Slumber assisted by the beating shower !

Ah! how much happier, than the fool who braves,
 In search of wealth, the black tempestuous waves!
 While I, contented with my little store,
 In tedious voyage seek no distant shore,
 But idly lolling on some shady seat,
 Near cooling fountains shun the dog-star's heat;
 For what reward so rich could fortune give,
 That I by absence should my Delia grieve?
 Let great Meffala shine in martial toils,
 And grace his palace with triumphal spoils;
 Me beauty holds in strong, tho' gentle chains,
 Far from tumultuous war, and dusty plains.
 With thee, my love, to pass my tranquil days,
 How would I slight ambition's painful praise!
 How would I joy with thee, my love, to yoke
 The ox, and feed my solitary flock!
 On thy soft breast might I but lean my head,
 How downy should I think the woodland bed!

The wretch, who sleeps not by his fair one's side,
 Detests the gilded couch's useless pride,
 Nor knows his weary, weeping eyes to close,
 Tho' murm'ring rills invite him to repose.
 Hard were his heart, who thee, my fair, could leave
 For all the honours prosp'rous War can give;
 Tho' thro' the vanquish'd East he spread his fame,
 And Parthian tyrants trembled at his name;
 Tho' bright in arms, while hosts around him bleed,
 With martial pride he press'd his foaming steed.
 No poms like these my humble vows require:
 With thee I'll live, and in thy arms expire:
 Thee may my closing eyes in death behold!
 Thee may my fault'ring hand yet strive to hold!

Then, Delia, then thy heart will melt in woe,
Then o'er my breathless clay thy tears will flow;
Thy tears will flow, for gentle is thy mind;
Nor dost thou think it weakness to be kind.
With thee each youth and tender maid shall join
In grief; and mix their friendly sighs with thine;
But ah! my Delia, I conjure thee spare
Thy heaving-breasts and loose dishevell'd hair:
Wound not thy form; lest on th' Elysian coast
Thy anguish should disturb my peaceful ghost.

But now, nor death, nor parting, should employ
Our sprightly thoughts, or damp our bridal joy:
We'll live, my Delia, and from life remove
All care, all bus'ness, but delightful love.
Old age in vain those pleasures would retrieve,
Which youth alone can taste, alone can give;
Then let us snatch the moment to be blest'd,
This hour is love's——be fortune's all the rest.

S O N G.

Written in the Year 1732.

I.

SAY, MYRA, why is gentle love
A stranger to that mind,
Which pity and esteem can move;
Which can be just and kind?

II.

Is it because you fear to share
The ills that love molest;
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the am'rous breast?

III.

Alas! by some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.

Writ at Mr. POPE's House at Twickenham,
which he had lent to

MRS. G-----LLE.

In August 1735.

I.

GO, Thames, and tell the busy town,
Not all its wealth or pride
Could tempt me from the charms that crown
Thy rural flowery side:

II.

Thy flowery side, where POPE has plac'd
The Muses green retreat,
With every smile of nature grac'd,
With every art complete.

III.

But now, sweet bard, thy heavenly song
Enchants us here no more;
Their darling glory lost too long
Thy once-lov'd shades deplore.

IV.

Yet still, for beauteous G——lle's sake,
The Muses here remain;
G——lle, whose eyes have power to make
A POPE of every swain.

E P I G R A M.

NONE without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair,
But love can hope where reason would despair.

T O

M R. W E S T,

At Wickham.

Written in the Year 1740.

F AIR nature's sweet simplicity,
With elegance refin'd,
Well in thy feat, my friend, I see,
But better in thy mind.
To both, from courts and all their state,
Eager I fly, to prove
Joys far above a courtier's fate,
Tranquillity and love.

MISS LUCY F-----

ONCE, by the muse alone inspir'd,
 I sung my amorous strains :
 No serious love my bosom fir'd ;
 Yet every tender maid, deceiv'd,
 The idly-mournful tale believ'd,
 And wept my fancied pains.

But Venus now, to punish me
 For having feign'd so well,
 Has made my heart so fond of thee,
 That not the whole Aëonian quire
 Can accents soft enough inspire,
 Its real flame to tell.

TO THE SAME,

WITH

HAMMOND'S ELEGIES.

ALL that of love can be express'd
 In these soft numbers see ;
 But, Lucy, would you know the rest,
 It must be read in me.

T O T H E S A M E.

TO him who in an hour must die,
 Not swifter seems that hour to fly,
 Than slow the minutes seem to me,
 Which keep me from the sight of thee.

Not more that trembling wretch would give
 Another day or year to live;
 Than I to shorten what remains
 Of that long hour which thee detains.

Oh! come to my impatient arms,
 Oh! come with all thy heavenly charms,
 At once to justify and pay
 The pain I feel from this delay.

T O T H E S A M E.

I.

TO ease my troubled mind of anxious care,
 Last night the secret casket I explor'd;
 Where all the letters of my absent fair
 (His richest treasure) careful love had stor'd:

II.

In every word a magic spell I found,
Of power to charm each busy thought to rest,
Though every word encreas'd the tender wound
Of fond desire still throbbing in my breast.

III.

So to his hoarded gold the miser steals,
And loses every sorrow at the sight ;
Yet wishes still for more, nor ever feels
Entire contentment, or secure delight.

IV.

Ah ! should I lose thee, my too lovely maid,
Couldst thou forget thy heart was ever mine,
Fear not thy letters should the change upbraid :
My hand each dear memorial shall resign :

V.

Not one kind word shall in my power remain
A painful witness of reproach to thee ;
And lest my heart should still their sense retain,
My heart should break, to leave thee wholly free.

A PRAYER TO VENUS

I N H E R

TEMPLE AT STOWE.

T O T H E S A M E.

I.

FAIR VENUS, whose delightful shrine surveys
 Its front reflected in the silver lake,
 These humble offerings, which thy servant pays,
 Fresh flowers, and myrtle wreaths, propitious take,

II.

If less my love exceeds all other love,
 Than LUCY's charms all other charms excel,
 Far from my breast each soothing hope remove,
 And there let sad despair for ever dwell.

III.

But if my soul is fill'd with her alone,
 No other wish, nor other object knows,
 Oh! make her, Goddess, make her all my own,
 And give my trembling heart secure repose.

IV.

No watchful spies I ask to guard her charms,
 No walls of brass, no steel-defended door;
 Place her but once within my circling arms,
Love's surest Fort, and I will doubt no more.

TO THE SAME,

On her pleading Want of TIME.

I.

ON Thames's bank, a gentle youth
For Lucy sigh'd with matchless truth,
Even when he sigh'd in rhyme;
The lovely maid his flame return'd,
And would with equal warmth have burn'd,
But that she had not time.

II.

Oft he repair'd, with eager feet,
In secret shades his fair to meet
Beneath th' accustomed lime;
She would have fondly met him there,
And heal'd with love each tender care,
But that she had not time.

III.

"It was not thus, inconstant maid!
"You acted once (the shepherd said)
"When love was in its prime."
She griev'd to hear him thus complain,
And would have writ to ease his pain,
But that she had not time.

IV.

How can you act so cold a part?
No crime of mine has chang'd your heart,

If love be not a crime.—

We soon must part for months, for years—

She would have answer'd with her tears,

But that she had not time.

T O T H E S A M E .

YOUR shape, your lips, your eyes are still the same,
Still the bright object of my constant flame;

But where is now the tender glance, that stole,

With gentle sweetness, my enchanted soul?

Kind fears, impatient wishes, soft desires,

Each melting charm that love alone inspires,

These, these are lost; and I behold no more

The maid my heart delighted to adore.

Yet still unchang'd, still doating to excess,

I ought, but dare not, try to love you less;

Weakly I grieve, unpity'd I complain;

But not unpunish'd shall your change remain;

For you, cold maid, whom no complaints can move,

Were far more blest, when you like me could love.

T O T H E S A M E.

I.

W H E N I think on your truth I doubt you no more,
 I blame all the fears I gave way to before ;
 I say to my heart, " Be at rest, and believe
 " That whom once she has chosen she never will leave."

II.

But ah ! when I think on each ravishing grace
 That plays in the smiles of that heavenly face,
 My heart beats again ; I again apprehend
 Some fortunate rival in every friend.

III.

These painful suspicions you cannot remove,
 Since you neither can lessen your charms nor my love ;
 But doubts, caus'd by passion, you never can blame ;
 For they are not ill-founded, or you feel the same.

T O T H E S A M E,

W I T H A

N E W W A T C H.

W I T H me, while present, may thy lovely eyes
 Be never turn'd upon this golden toy :
 Think every pleasing hour too swiftly flies,
 And measure time, by joy succeeding joy.

But, when the cares that interrupt our bliss
 To me not always will thy sight allow,
 Then oft with kind impatience look on this,
 Then every minute count—as I do now.

A N T

I R R E G U L A R O D E.

Writ at WICKHAM in 1746.

T O T H E S A M E.

I.

YE sylvan scenes, with artless beauty gay,
 Ye gentle shades of Wickham, say,
 What is the charm that each successive year,
 Which sees me with my Lucy here,
 Can thus to my transported heart,
 A sense of joy, unfelt before, impart?

II.

Is it glad Summer's balmy breath that blows
 From the fair jess'mine, and the blushing rose?
 Her balmy breath, and all her blooming store
 Of rural bliss was here before:

Oft have I met her on the verdant side
Of Norwood-hill, and in the yellow meads,
Where Pan the dancing Graces leads,
Array'd in all her flowery pride.
No sweeter fragrance now the gardens yield,
No brighter colours paint th' enamell'd field.

III.

Is it to Love these new delights I owe ?
Four times has the revolving sun
His annual circle thro' the zodiac run ;
Since all that Love's indulgent power
On favour'd mortals can bestow,
Was given to me in this auspicious bower.

IV.

Here first my Lucy, sweet in virgin charms,
Was yielded to my longing arms ;
And round our nuptial bed,
Hovering with purple wings, th' Idalian boy
Shook from his radiant torch the blissful fires
Of innocent desires,
While Venus scatter'd myrtles o'er her head.
Whence then this strange increase of joy ?
He, only he can tell, who, match'd like me,
(If such another happy man there be)
Has, by his own experience, tried
How much *the Wife* is dearer than *the Bride*.

L O R D L Y T T L E T O N . 69

TO THE
M E M O R Y
OF THE
S A M E L A D Y.

A M O N O D Y. A. D. 1747.

*Ipse cavâ solans ægrum testudine amorem,
Te dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,
Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.*

I.

A T length escap'd from every human eye,
From every duty, every care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry,
Beneath the gloom of this embowering shade,
'This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
And pour forth all my stores of grief,
Of grief surpassing every other woe
Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love
Can on th' ennobled mind bestow,
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

II.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently falling rills,
Ye high o'ershadowing hills,
Ye lawns gay-smiling with eternal green,
Oft have you my Lucy seen!
But never shall you now behold her more:
Nor will she now with fond delight,
And taste refin'd, your rural charms explore.
Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
Those beauteous eyes, where, beaming, us'd to shine
Reason's pure light, and Virtue's spark divine.

III.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice
To hear her heavenly voice,
For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,
The sweetest songsters of the spring:
The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more,
The nightingale was mute,
And every shepherd's flute
Was cast in silent scorn away,
While all attended to her sweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets now resume your song,
And thou, melodious Philomel,
Again thy plaintive story tell,
For death has stopt that tuneful tongue,
Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.

IV.

In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground,

My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;
Where oft we us'd to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We saw the summer sun go down the sky;
Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley, can she now be found:
In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her espy,
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

V.

O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast?
Your bright inhabitant is lost.
You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts
Where female vanity might wish to shine,
The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
Her modest beauties shun'd the public eye:
To your sequester'd dales
And flower-embroider'd vales
From an admiring world she chose to fly;
With nature there retir'd, and nature's God,
The silent paths of wisdom trod,
And banish'd every passion from her breast,
But those, the gentlest, and the best,
Whose holy flames with energy divine
The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
The conjugal, and the maternal love.

VI.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
 Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns
 By your delighted mother's side,
 Who now your infant steps shall guide?
 Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care
 To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
 And strew'd with flowers the thorny ways of truth?
 O loss beyond repair!
 O wretched father, left alone
 To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
 How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe,
 And, drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
 Perform the duties that you doubly owe,
 Now she, alas! is gone,
 From folly and from vice, their helpless age to save?

VII.

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate
 From these fond arms your fair disciple tore,
 From these fond arms that vainly strove,
 With hapless ineffectual love,
 To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?
 Could not your fav'ring power, Aëonian maids,
 Could not, alas! your power prolong her date,
 For whom so oft in these inspiring shades,
 Or under Campden's moss-clad mountains hoar,
 You open'd all your sacred store,
 Whate'er your ancient sages taught,
 Your ancient bards sublimely thought,
 And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit glow?

VIII.

Nor then did Pindus', or Castalia's plain,
 Or Aganippe's fount, your steps detain,
 Nor in the Thespian valleys did you play ;
 Nor then on * Mincio's bank
 Beset with osiers dank,
 Nor where † Clitumnus rolls his gentle stream,
 Nor where through hanging woods
 Steep ‡ Anio pours his floods,
 Nor yet where || Meles, or § Ilissus stray.
 Ill does it now beseem,
 That of your guardian care bereft,
 To dire disease and death your darling should be left.

IX.

Now what avails it, that in early bloom,
 When light fantastic toys
 Are all her sex's joys,
 With you she search'd the wit of Greece and Rome?

* The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of
 VIRGIL.

† The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence
 of PROPERTIUS.

‡ The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where
 HORACE had a villa.

|| The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence HO-
 MER, supposed to be born on its banks, is called Me-
 lisigenes.

§ The Ilissus is a river at Athens.

And all that in her later days
 To emulate her ancient praise
 Italia's happy genius could produce;
 Or what the Gallic fire
 Bright-sparkling could inspire,
 By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd;
 Or what in Britain's Isle,
 Most favour'd with your smile,
 The powers of reason and of fancy join'd
 To full perfection have conspir'd to raise?
 Ah! what is now the use
 Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind,
 To blank oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd?

X.

At least, ye Nine, her spotless name
 'Tis yours from death to save,
 And in the temple of immortal fame
 With golden characters her worth engrave.
 Come then, ye virgin sisters, come,
 And strew with choicest flowers her hallow'd tomb.
 But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,
 With accents sweet and sad,
 Thou, plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's urn
 Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn,
 O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
 A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay.

XI.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
 Was brighten'd by some sweet, peculiar grace!
 How eloquent in every look
 Thro' her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke!

Tell how her manners by the world refin'd
 Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
 And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
 With candid Truth's simplicity,
 And uncorrupted Innocence!
 Tell how to more than manly sense
 She join'd the soft'ning influence
 Of more than female tenderness:
 How in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
 Which oft the care of others' good destroy,
 Her kindly-melting heart,
 To every want, and every woe,
 To guilt itself when in distress,
 The balm of pity would impart,
 And all relief that bounty could bestow!
 Even for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life
 Beneath the bloody knife,
 Her gentle tears would fall,
 Tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all.

XII.

Not only good, and kind,
 But strong and elevated was her mind:
 A spirit that with noble pride
 Could look superior down
 On Fortune's smile, or frown;
 That could, without regret or pain,
 To virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
 Or int'rest or ambition's highest prize;
 That, injur'd or offended, never try'd
 Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
 But by magnanimous disdain.

A wit that, temperately bright,
 With inoffensive light
 All pleasing shone; nor ever pass'd
 The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,
 And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
 And bashful Modesty, before it cast.
 A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
 That nor too little, nor too much believ'd,
 That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
 And without weakness knew to be sincere.
 Such Lucy was, when in her fairest days,
 Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise,
 In life's and glory's freshest bloom
 Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.

XIII.

So where the silent streams of Liris glide,
 In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
 When now the wintry tempests all are fled,
 And genial summer breathes her gentle gale,
 The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head:
 From every branch the balmy flow'rets rise,
 On every bough the golden fruits are seen;
 With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
 The wood-nymphs tend it, and th' Idalian queen:
 But in the midst of all its blooming pride
 A sudden blast from Apenninus blows
 Cold with perpetual snows:
 The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves, and
 dies.

XIV.

Arise, O Petrarch, from th' Elysian bowers,
 With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
 And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,
 Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;
 Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
 'Tun'd by thy skilful hand,
 To the soft notes of elegant desire,
 With which o'er many a land
 Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love;
 To me resign the vocal shell,
 And teach my sorrows to relate
 Their melancholy tale so well,
 As may even things inanimate,
 Rough mountain oaks, and desert rocks, to pity move.

XV.

What were, alas! thy woes compar'd to mine?
 To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
 Of Hymen never gave her hand;
 The joys of wedded love were never thine.
 In thy domestic care
 She never bore a share,
 Nor with endearing art
 Would heal thy wounded heart
 Of every secret grief that fester'd there:
 Nor did her fond affection on the bed
 Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
 Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,
 And charm away the sense of pain:
 Nor did she crown your mutual flame
 With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

XVI.

O best of wives! O dearer far to me
 Than when thy virgin charms
 Were yielded to my arms,
 How can my soul endure the loss of thee?
 How in the world, to me a desert grown,
 Abandon'd, and alone,
 Without my sweet companion can I live?
 Without thy lovely smile,
 The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
 What pleasures now can pall'd ambition give?
 Even the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,
 Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts could
 raise.

XVII.

For my distracted mind
 What succour can I find?
 Oh whom for consolation shall I call?
 Support me, every friend,
 Your kind assistance lend
 To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
 Alas! each friend of mine,
 My dear departed love, so much was thine,
 That none has any comfort to bestow.
 My books, the best relief
 In every other grief,
 Are now with your idea sadden'd all:
 Each fav'rite author we together read
 My tortur'd mem'ry wounds, and speaks of Lucy
 dead.

XVIII.

We were the happiest pair of human kind!
 The rolling year its varying course perform'd,
 And back return'd again;
 Another and another smiling came,
 And saw our happiness unchang'd remain:
 Still in her golden chain
 Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind:
 Our studies, pleasures, tastes the same.
 O fatal, fatal stroke,
 That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd
 Of rare felicity,
 On which even wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
 And every scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd,
 With soothing hope, for many a future day,
 In one sad moment broke!—
 Yet, O my soul, thy rising murmurs stay,
 Nor dare th' all-wise Disposer to arraign,
 Or against his supreme decree
 With impious grief complain.
 That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade
 Was his most righteous will—and be that will obey'd!

XIX.

Would thy fond love his grace to her control,
 And in these low abodes of sin and pain
 Her pure, exalted soul
 Unjustly for thy partial good detain?
 No—rather strive thy groveling mind to raise
 Up to that unclouded blaze,
 That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
 In which enthron'd she now with pity sees
 How frail, how insecure, how slight.

Is every mortal bliss;
Even love itself, if rising by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
It does not to its sov'reign Good ascend.
Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
And seek those regions of serene delight,
Whose peaceful path and ever-open gate
No feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss.
There death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
There yield up all his power e'er to divide you more.

V E R S E S,

MAKING PART OF AN

E P I T A P H

O N T H E

S A M E L A D Y.

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;
 Tho' meek, magnanimous; tho' witty, wise;
 Polite, as all her life in courts had been;
 Yet good, as she the world had never seen:
 The noble fire of an exalted mind,
 With gentle female tenderness combin'd.
 Her Speech was the melodious voice of Love,
 Her Song the warbling of the vernal grove;
 Her Eloquence was sweeter than her song,
 Soft as her heart, and as her Reason strong;
 Her Form each beauty of her Mind express'd,
 Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dress'd.

H O R A C E.

Book IV. Ode iv.

(Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.)

Written at Oxford, 1725 *.

I.

AS the wing'd minister of thundering Jove,
 To whom he gave his dreadful bolts to bear,
 Faithful † assistant of his master's love,
 King of the wandering nations of the air,

II.

When balmy breezes fann'd the vernal sky,
 On doubtful pinions left his parent nest,
 In slight essays his growing force to try,
 While inborn courage fir'd his generous breast;

III.

Then, darting with impetuous fury down,
 The flocks he slaughter'd, an unpractis'd foe;
 Now his ripe valour to perfection grown
 The scaly snake and crested dragon know :

IV.

Or, as a lion's youthful progeny,
 Wean'd from his savage dam and milky food,

* First printed in Mr. WEST'S PINDAR.

† In the rape of Ganymede, who was carried up to Jupiter by an eagle, according to the Poetical History.

The grazing kid beholds with fearful eye,
Doom'd first to stain his tender fangs in blood:

V.

Such Drusus, young in arms, his foes beheld,
The Alpine Rhæti, long unmatch'd in fight:
So were their hearts with abject terror quell'd;
So sunk their haughty spirit at the sight.

VI.

Tam'd by a boy, the fierce Barbarians find
How guardian Prudence guides the youthful flame,
And how great Cæsar's fond paternal mind
Each generous Nero forms to early fame!

VII.

A valiant son springs from a valiant fire:
Their race by mettle sprightly courfers prove;
Nor can the warlike eagle's active fire
Degenerate to form the timorous dove.

VIII.

But education can the genius raise,
And wise instructions native virtue aid;
Nobility without them is disgrace,
And honour is by vice to shame betray'd.

IX.

Let red Metaurus, stain'd with Punic blood,
Let mighty Asdrubal subdu'd confess
How much of empire and of fame is ow'd
By thee, O Rome, to the Neronian race.

X.

Of this be witness that auspicious day,
Which, after a long, black, tempestuous night,
First smil'd on Latium with a milder ray,
And cheer'd our drooping hearts with dawning light.

XI.

Since the dire African with wasteful ire
 Rode o'er the ravag'd towns of Italy;
 As through the pine-trees flies the raging fire,
 Or Eurys o'er the vex'd Sicilian sea.

XII.

From this bright æra, from this prosperous field,
 The Roman glory dates her rising power;
 From hence 'twas giv'n her conquering sword to wield,
 Raise her fall'n gods, and ruin'd shrines restore.

XIII.

'Thus Hannibal at length despairing spoke :
 " Like stags to ravenous wolves an easy prey,
 " Our feeble arms a valiant foe provoke,
 " Whom to elude and 'scape were victory;

XIV.

" A dauntless nation, that from Trojan fires,
 " Hostile Ausonia, to thy destin'd shore
 " Her gods, her infant sons, and aged fires,
 " Through angry seas and adverse tempests bore.

XV.

" As on high Algidus the sturdy oak,
 " Whose spreading boughs the axe's sharpness feel,
 " Improves by loss, and, thriving with the stroke,
 " Draws health and vigour from the wounding steel.

XVI.

" Not Hydra sprouting from her mangled head
 " So tir'd the baffled force of Hercules;
 " Nor Thebes, nor Colchis, such a monster bred,
 " Pregnant of ills, and fam'd for prodigies.

XVII.

- “ Plunge her in ocean, like the morning sun,
 “ Brighter she rises from the depths below :
 “ To earth with unavailing ruin thrown,
 “ Recruits her strength, and foils the wondering foe.

XVIII.

- “ No more of victory the joyful fame
 “ Shall from my camp to haughty Carthage fly ;
 “ Lost, lost are all the glories of her name !
 “ With Asdrubal her hopes and fortune die !

XIX.

- “ What shall the Claudian valour not perform,
 “ Which Power Divine' guards with propitious care,
 “ Which Wisdom steers through all the dangerous
 “ storm,
 “ Through all the rocks and shoals of doubtful war ?”

V I R T U E A N D F A M E .

T O T H E

C O U N T E S S o f E G R E M O N T .

V I R T U E and Fame, the other day,
Happen'd to cross each other's way;
Said Virtue, " Hark ye! madam Fame,
Your ladyship is much to blame;
Jove bids you always wait on me,
And yet your face I seldom see:
The Paphian queen employs your trumpet,
And bids it praise some handsome strumpet;
Or, thundering through the ranks of war,
Ambition ties you to her car."

Saith Fame, " Dear madam, I protest
I never find myself so blest
As when I humbly wait behind you:
But 'tis so mighty hard to find you,
In such obscure retreats you lurk,
To seek you, is an endless work."

" Well, answer'd Virtue, I allow
Your plea. But hear, and mark me now.
I know (without offence to others)
I know the best of wives and mothers;
Who never pass'd an useless day
In scandal, gossiping, or play:
Whose modest wit, chastis'd by sense,
Is lively chearful innocence;

Whose heart nor envy knows nor spite,
Whose duty is her sole delight;
Nor rul'd by whim, nor slave to fashion,
Her parents' joy, her husband's passion."

Fame smil'd, and answer'd, " On my life,
This is some country parson's wife,
Who never saw the court nor town,
Whose face is homely as her gown;
Who banquets upon eggs and bacon—"
" No, madam, no—you're much mistaken—
I beg you'll let me set you right—
"Tis one with every beauty bright;
Adorn'd with every polish'd art
That rank or fortune can impart;
"Tis the most celebrated toast
That Britain's spacious isle can boast;
"Tis princely Petworth's noble dame;
"Tis EGREMONT—Go, tell it, Fame!"

Addition extempore, by Earl HARDWICKE.

FAME heard with pleasure—strait replied,
" First on my roll stands Wyndham's bride;
My trumpet oft I've rais'd, to sound
Her modest praise the world around;
But notes were wanting—Canst thou find
A Muse to sing her face, her mind?
Believe me, I can name but one,
A friend of yours—'tis LYTTLETON."

L E T T E R

T O E A R L H A R D W I C K E.

Occasioned by the foregoing Verses.

M Y L O R D,

A THOUSAND thanks to your lordship for your addition to my verses. If you can write such *extempore*, it is well for other poets, that you chose to be lord chancellor, rather than a laureat. They explain to me a vision I had the night before.

Methought I saw before my feet,
With countenance serene and sweet,
The Muse, who in my youthful days
Had oft inspir'd my careless lays.
She smil'd, and said, " Once more I see
My fugitive returns to me;
Long had I lost you from my bower,
You scorn'd to own my gentle power;
With me no more your genius sported,
The grave Historic Muse you courted;
Or, rais'd from earth, with straining eyes,
Pursued Urania through the skies;
But now, to my forsaken track,
Fair EGREMONT has brought you back;
Nor blush, by her and Virtue led,
That soft, that pleasing path to tread;

For there, beneath to-morrow's ray,
Ev'n Wisdom's self shall deign to play,
Lo! to my flowery groves and springs
Her favourite son the goddess brings,
The council's and the senate's guide,
Law's oracle, the nation's pride:
He comes, he joys with thee to join,
In singing WYNDHAM's charms divine.
To thine he adds his nobler lays,
Ev'n thee, my friend, he deigns to praise.
Enjoy that praise, nor envy PITT
His fame with burghers or with cit;
For sure one line from such a bard,
Virtue would think her best reward."

ON READING

MISS CARTER'S POEMS in MS.

SUCH were the notes that struck the wondering ear
 Of silent Night, when, on the verdant banks
 Of Siloë's hallow'd brook, celestial harps,
 According to seraphick voices, sing
Glory to God on high, and on the earth
Peace and good-will to men!—Resume the lyre,
 Chauntress divine, and every Britain call
 Its melody to hear—so shall thy strains,
 More powerful than the song of Orpheus, tame
 The savage heart of brutal vice, and bend
 At pure Religion's shrine the stubborn knees
 Of bold Impiety.—Greece shall no more
 Of Lesbian Sappho boast, whose wanton Muse,
 Like a false Syren, while she charm'd, seduc'd
 To guilt and ruin. For the sacred head
 Of Britain's poetess, the Virtues twine
 A nobler wreath, by them from Eden's grove
 Unfading gather'd, and direct the hand
 Of ——— to fix it on her brows.

MOUNT EDGECUMBE.

THE Gods, on thrones celestial seated,
 By Jove with bowls of nectar heated,
 All on mount Edgumbe turn'd their eyes;
 "That place is mine, great Neptune cries:
 Behold! how proud o'er all the main
 Those stately turrets seem to reign!
 No views so grand on earth you see!
 The master too belongs to me;
 I grant him my domain to share,
 I bid his hand my trident bear."
 "The sea is yours, but mine the land,
 Pallas replies; by me were plann'd
 Those towers, that hospital, those docks,
 That fort, which crowns those island rocks:
 The lady too is of my choir,
 I taught her hand to touch the lyre;
 With every charm her mind I grac'd,
 I gave her prudence, knowledge, taste."——

"Hold, madam, interrupted Venus,
 The lady must be shar'd between us:
 And surely mine is yonder grove,
 So fine, so dark, so fit for love;
 Trees, such as in th' Idalian glade,
 Or Cyprian lawn, my palace shade."

Then Oreads, Dryads, Naiads, came;
 Each nymph alledg'd her lawful claim;

But Jove, to finish the debate,
 Thus spoke, and what he speaks is fate :
 " Nor god nor goddess, great or small,
 That dwelling his or hers may call :
 I made mount Edgumbe for you all."

}

I N V I T A T I O N

TO THE

DOWAGER DUCHESS D'AIGUILLON.

W H E N Peace shall, on her downy wing,
 To France and England Friendship bring,
 Come, Aiguillon, and here receive
 That homage we delight to give
 To foreign talents, foreign charms,
 To worth which Envy's self disarms.
 Of jealous hatred: Come, and love
 That nation which you now approve.
 So shall by France amends be made
 (If such a debt can e'er be paid)
 For having with seducing art
 From Britain stol'n her H—v—y's heart.

T O

COLONEL DRUMGOLD.

DRUMGOLD, whose ancestors from Albion's shore
 Their conquering standards to Hibernia bore,
 Though now thy valour, to thy country lost,
 Shines in the foremost ranks of Gallia's host,
 Think not that France shall borrow all thy fame—
 From British fires deriv'd thy genius came:
 Its force, its energy, to these it ow'd,
 But the fair polish Gallia's clime bestow'd:
 The Graces there each ruder thought refin'd,
 And liveliest wit with soundest sense combin'd.
 They taught in sportive Fancy's gay attire
 To dress the gravest of th' Aëonian choir,
 And gave to sober Wisdom's wrinkled cheek
 The smile that dwells in Hebe's dimple sleek.
 Pay to each realm the debt that each may ask:
 Be thine, and thine alone, the pleasing talk,
 In purest elegance of Gallic phrase
 To clothe the spirit of the British lays.
 Thus every flower which every Muse's hand
 Has rais'd profuse in Britain's favour'd land,
 By thee transplanted to the banks of Seine,
 Its sweetest native odours shall retain.
 And when thy noble friend, with olive crown'd,
 In Concord's golden chain has firmly bound
 The rival nations, thou for both shalt raise
 The grateful song to his immortal praise.


Albion shall think she hears her Prior sing;
And France, that Boileau strikes the tuneful string.
Then shalt thou tell what various talents join'd,
Adorn, embellish, and exalt his mind;
Learning and wit, with sweet politeness grac'd;
Wisdom by guile or cunning undebas'd;
By pride unfullied, genuine dignity;
A noble and sublime simplicity.
Such in thy verse shall Nivernois be shewn:
France shall with joy the fair resemblance own;
And Albion, sighing, bid her sons aspire
To imitate the merit they admire.

O N

G O O D H U M O U R .

Written at Eaton School, 1729.

T E L L me, ye sons of Phœbus, what is this,
Which all admire, but few, too few, possess?
A virtue 'tis, to ancient maids unknown,
And prudes, who spy all faults except their own.
Lov'd and defended by the brave and wise,
Tho' knaves abuse it, and like fools despise.
Say, Wyndham, if 'tis possible to tell,
What is the thing in which you most excel?
Hard is the question, for in all you please;
Yet sure Good-nature is your noblest praise;
Secur'd by this, your parts no envy move,
For none can envy him, whom all must love.
This magic power can make e'en folly please,
This to Pitt's genius adds a brighter grace,
And sweetens every charm in Cælia's face.



SOME

ADDITIONAL STANZAS

T O

ASTOLFO'S VOYAGE TO THE MOON,
in ARIOSTO.

I.

WHEN now Astolfo, stor'd within a vase,
Orlando's wits had safely brought away;
He turn'd his eyes towards another place,
Where, closely cork'd, unnumber'd bottles lay.

II.

Of finest crystal were those bottles made,
Yet what was there inclos'd he could not see:
Wherefore in humble wise the Saint he pray'd,
To tell what treasure there conceal'd might be.

III.

"A wondrous thing it is, the Saint replied,
Yet undefin'd by any mortal wight;
An airy essence, not to be descried,
Subtle and thin, that MAIDENHEAD is hight.

IV.

From earth each day in troops they hither come,
And fill each hole and corner of the Moon;
For they are never easy while at home,
Nor ever owner thought them gone too soon.

V.

When here arriv'd, they are in bottles pent,
 For fear they should evaporate again;
 And hard it is, a prison to invent,
 So volatile a spirit to retain.

VI.

Those that to young and wanton girls belong,
 Leap, bounce, and fly, as if they'd burst the glass;
 But those that have below been kept too long,
 Are spiritless, and quite decay'd, alas!"

VII.

So spake the Saint, and wonder seiz'd the Knight,
 As of each vessel he th' inscription read;
 For various secrets there were brought to light,
 Of which Report on earth had nothing said.

VIII.

Virginities, that close confin'd he thought
 In t'other world, he found above the sky;
 His sister's and his cousin's there were brought,
 Which made him swear, tho' good St. John was by.

IX.

But much his wrath increas'd, when he espied
 That which was Chloe's once, his mistress dear:
 "Ah, false and treacherous fugitive! he cried,
 Little I deem'd that I should meet thee here!"

X.

Did not thy owner, when we parted last,
 Promise to keep thee safe for me alone?
 Scarce of our absence three short months are past,
 And thou already from thy post art flown!"

L

XI.

“ Be not enrag’d, replied th’ Apostle kind—
Since that this Maidenhead is thine by right,
Take it away; and, when thou hast a mind,
Carry it *thither* whence it took its flight.”

XII.

“ Thanks, Holy Father! quoth the joyous Knight,
The Moon shall be no loser by your grace;
Let me but have the use on’t for a night,
And I’ll restore it to its present place.

T O

A YOUNG LADY,

WITH THE

TRAGEDY of VENICE PRESERVED.

IN tender Otway's moving scenes we find
 What power the gods have to your sex assign'd:
 Venice was lost, if on the brink of fate
 A woman had not propt her sinking state:
 In the dark danger of that dreadful hour,
 Vain was her senate's wisdom, vain its power;
 But, sav'd by Belvidera's charming tears,
 Still o'er the subject main her towers she rears,
 And stands a great example to mankind,
 With what a boundless sway you rule the mind,
 Skilful the worst or noblest ends to serve,
 And strong alike to ruin or preserve.

In wretched Jaffier we with pity view
 A mind, to Honour false, to Virtue true,
 In the wild storm of struggling passions tost,
 Yet saving innocence, tho' fame was lost;
 Greatly forgetting what he ow'd his friend—
 His country, which had wrong'd him, to defend.

But she who urg'd him to that pious deed,
 Who knew so well the patriot's cause to plead,

Whose conquering love her country's safety won,
Was, by that fatal love, herself undone.

* "Hence we may learn what Passion fain would
"hide,

"That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be tied.

"Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,

"If angry Fortune on their union frown:

"Soon will the flattering dreams of joy be o'er,

"And cloy'd imagination cheat no more;

"Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,

"With mutual tears the bridal couch they stain;

"And that fond love, which should afford relief,

"Does but augment the anguish of their grief:

"While both could easier their own sorrows bear,

"Than the sad knowledge of each other's care."

May all the joys in Love and Fortune's power
Kindly combine to grace your nuptial hour!

On each glad day may plenty shower delight,

And warmest rapture bless each welcome night!

May Heaven, that gave you Belvidera's charms,

Destine some happier Jaffier to your arms,

Whose bliss misfortune never may allay,

Whose fondness never may through care decay;

Whose wealth may place you in the fairest light,

And force each modest beauty into sight!

So shall no anxious want your peace destroy,

No tempest crush the tender buds of joy;

* The twelve following lines, with some small variations, have been already printed in *Advice to a Lady*, p. 43; but, as Lord Lyttleton chose to introduce them here, it was thought more proper to repeat these few lines, than to suppress the rest of the poem.

L O R D L Y T T L E T O N. 101

But all your hours in one gay circle move,
Nor Reason ever disagree with Love!

E L E G Y.

TELL me, my heart, fond slave of hopeless love,
And doom'd its woes, without its joys, to prove,
Canst thou endure thus calmly to erase
The dear, dear image of thy Delia's face?
Canst thou exclude that habitant divine,
To place some meaner idol in her shrine!
O task, for feeble reason too severe!
O lesson, nought could teach me but despair!
Must I forbid my eyes that heavenly sight,
They've viewed so oft with languishing delight?
Must my ears shun that voice, whose charming sound
Seem'd to relieve, while it encreas'd my wound?

O Waller! Petrarch! you who tun'd the lyre
To the soft notes of elegant desire;
Though Sidney to a rival gave her charms,
Though Laura dying left her lover's arms,
Yet were your pains less exquisite than mine—
'Tis easier far to lose, than to resign!

I N S C R I P T I O N

F O R

A B U S T of L A D Y S U F F O L K;

Designed to be set up in a Wood at Stowe, 1732.

HER wit and beauty for a court were made,
But truth and goodness fit her for a shade.

SULPICIA TO CERINTHUS,

In her Sicknefs. From TIBULLUS.

(Sent to a Friend, in a Lady's Name.)

SAY, my Cerinthus, does thy tender breast
Feel the same feverish heats that mine molest?
Alas! I only wish for health again,
Because I think my lover shares my pain:
For what would health avail to wretched me,
If you could, unconcern'd, my illness see?

SULPICIA TO CERINTHUS.

I'M weary of this tedious dull deceit;
Myself I torture, while the world I cheat:
'Tho' prudence bids me strive to guard my fame,
Love sees the low hypocrisy with shame;
Love bids me all confess, and call thee mine,
Worthy my heart, as I am worthy thine:
Weakness for thee I will no longer hide;
Weakness for thee is woman's noblest pride.

CATO'S SPEECH

To LABIENUS,

In the Ninth Book of LUCAN.

(Quid quæri, Labieni, jubes, &c.)

WHAT, Labienus, would thy fond desire
 Of horned Jove's prophetic shrine enquire?
 Whether to seek in arms a glorious doom,
 Or basely live, and see a king in Rome?
 If life be nothing more than death's delay?
 If impious force can honest minds dismay,
 Or Probity may Fortune's frown disdain?
 If well to mean is all that virtue can,
 And right, dependent on itself alone,
 Gains no addition from success?—"Tis known:
 Fix'd in my heart these constant truths I bear,
 And Ammon cannot write them deeper there.

Our souls, allied to God, within them feel
 The secret dictates of th' Almighty will;
 This is his voice, be this our oracle. }
 When first his breath the seeds of life instill'd,
 All that we ought to know was then reveal'd.
 Nor can we think the Omnipresent mind
 Has truth to Libya's desert sands confined,
 There, known to few, obscur'd, and lost, to lie—
 Is there a temple of the Deity,

Except earth, sea, and air, yon azure pole;
And chief, his holiest shrine, the virtuous soul?
Where'er the eye can pierce, the feet can move,
This wide, this boundless universe is Jove.
Let abject minds, that doubt because they fear,
With pious awe, to juggling priests repair;
I credit not what lying prophets tell—
Death is the only certain oracle.
Cowards and brave must die one destin'd hour—
This Jove has told; he needs not tell us more.

T O

M R. G L O V E R;

On his Poem of L E O N I D A S.

Written in the Year 1734.

GO on, my friend, the noble task pursue,
 And think thy genius is thy country's due:
 To vulgar wits inferior themes belong,
 But Liberty and Virtue claim thy song.
 Yet cease to hope, tho' grac'd with every charm,
 The patriot verse will cold Britannia warm;
 Vainly thou striv'st our languid hearts to raise
 By great examples, drawn from better days:
 No longer we to Sparta's fame aspire,
 What Sparta scorn'd, instructed to admire;
 Nurs'd in the love of wealth, and form'd to bend
 Our narrow thoughts to that inglorious end:
 No generous purpose can enlarge the mind,
 No social care, no labour for mankind.
 Where mean self-interest every action guides,
 In camps commands, in cabinets presides;
 Where luxury consumes the guilty store,
 And bids the villain be a slave for more.

Hence, wretched nation, all thy woes arise,
 Avow'd corruption, licens'd perjuries,
 Eternal taxes, treaties for a day,
 Servants that rule, and senates that obey!

O people far unlike the Grecian race,
That deems a virtuous poverty disgrace,
That suffers public wrongs, and public shame,
In council insolent, in action tame!
Say, what is now th' ambition of the great?
Is it to raise their country's sinking state;
Her load of debt to ease by frugal care,
Her trade to guard, her haras'd poor to spare?
Is it, like honest Sommers, to inspire
The love of laws, and freedom's sacred fire?
Is it, like wise Godolphin, to sustain
The balanc'd world, and boundless power restrain?
Or is the mighty aim of all their toil,
Only to aid the wreck, and share the spoil;
On each relation, friend, dependant, pour,
With partial wantonness, the golden shower,
And, fenc'd by strong corruption, to despise
An injur'd nation's unavailing cries?
Rouze, Britons, rouze! if sense of shame be weak,
Let the loud voice of threatening danger speak.
Lo! France, as Persia once, o'er every land,
Prepares to stretch her all-oppressing hand:
Shall England sit regardless and sedate,
A calm spectatress of the general fate,
Or call forth all her virtue, and oppose,
Like valiant Greece, her own and Europe's foes?
O let us seize the moment in our power,
Our follies now have reach'd the fatal hour;
No later term the angry gods ordain;
This crisis lost, we shall be wise in vain.
And thou, great poet, in whose nervous lines
The native majesty of freedom shines,

Accept this friendly praise; and let me prove
My heart not wholly void of public love;
Though not like thee I strike the sounding string
To notes which Sparta might have deign'd to sing,
But, idly sporting in the secret shade,
With tender trifles sooth some artless maid.

T O

W I L L I A M P I T T, Esq;

On his losing his COMMISSION,
in the Year 1736.

L O N G had thy virtues mark'd thee out for fame,
Far, far superior to a Cornet's name;
This generous Walpole saw, and griev'd to find
So mean a post disgrace that noble mind:
The servile standard from thy freeborn hand
He took, and bade thee lead the patriot band.

P R O L O G U E

T O

THOMSON'S CORIOLANUS.

Spoken by MR. QUIN.

I COME not here your candour to implore
For scenes, whose author is, alas! no more;
He wants no advocate his cause to plead;
You will yourselves be patrons of the dead.
No party his benevolence confin'd,
No sect—alike it flow'd to all mankind.
He lov'd his friends (forgive this gushing tear:
Alas! I feel, I am no actor here)
He lov'd his friends with such a warmth of heart,
So clear of interest, so devoid of art,
Such generous friendship, such unshaken zeal,
No words can speak it, but our tears may tell.—
O candid truth, O faith without a stain,
O manners gently firm, and nobly plain,
O sympathizing love of others bliss,
Where will you find another breast like his?
Such was the man—the poet well you know:
Oft has he touch'd your hearts with tender woe:
Oft in this crowded house, with just applause,
You heard him teach fair Virtue's purest laws;
For his chaste Muse employ'd her heaven-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire,
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line, which, dying, he could wish to blot.

Oh! may to-night your favourable doom
 Another laurel add, to grace his tomb:
 Whilst he, superior now to praise or blame,
 Hears not the feeble voice of human fame.
 Yet, if to those whom most on earth he lov'd,
 From whom his pious care is now remov'd,
 With whom his liberal hand, and bounteous heart,
 Shar'd all his little fortune could impart;
 If to those friends your kind regard shall give
 What they no longer can from his receive;
 That, that, even now, above yon starry pole,
 May touch with pleasure his immortal soul.

E P I L O G U E

T O

L I L L O ' s E L M E R I C K .

Y O U , who, supreme o'er every work of wit,
 In judgment here, unaw'd, unbiass'd, sit,
 The *palatines* and guardians of the pit;
 If to your minds this merely modern play
 No useful sense, no generous warmth convey;
 If *fustian* here, through each unnatural scene,
 In strain'd conceits sound high, and nothing mean;
 If lofty dullness for your vengeance call;
 Like *Elmerick* judge, and let the guilty fall.

But, if simplicity, with force and fire,
Unlabour'd thoughts and artless words inspire;
If, like the action which these scenes relate,
The whole appear irregularly great;
If master-strokes the nobler passions move:
Then like the king, *acquit us, and approve.*

9 MR 53

T H E
C O N T E N T S.

	Page
T HE Progress of Love : in four eclogues	1
Soliloquy of a Beauty	18
Blenheim	21
Epistle to Dr. Ayscough	27
Epistle to Mr. Poyntz	32
Verfes under Mr. Poyntz's picture	36
Epistle to Mr. Pope	37
Epistle to Lord Hervey	40
Advice to a Lady	43
Song	48
Song	49
Damon and Delia	51
Ode in Imitation of Pastor Fido	53
Part of an Elegy of Tibullus translated	54
Song	57
Verfes written at Mr. Pope's house at Twickenham	58
Epigram	59
To Mr. West, at Wickham	59
To Miss Lucy F——	60
To the same, with Hammond's elegies	60
To the same	61
To the same	61
A prayer to Venus, in her temple at Stowe	63
To the same, on her pleading want of time	64
To the same	65

C O N T E N T S.

	Page
To the same	66
To the same, with a new watch	66
An irregular Ode, writ at Wickham in 1746	67
To the memory of the same Lady : a Monody	69
Verſes, making part of an Epitaph on the ſame Lady	81
Horace, Book IV. Ode iv. translated	82
Virtue and fame : to the Counteſs of Egremont	86
Addition extempore, by Earl Hardwicke	87
Letter to Earl Hardwicke, occaſioned by the fore- going verſes	88
On reading Miſs Carter's poems in MS.	90
Mount Edgumbe	91
Invitation to the Dowager Dutcheſs D'Aiguillon	92
To Colonel Drumgold	93
On good humour	95
Additional ſtanzas to Aſtolfo's voyage to the moon, in Arioſto	96
To a young Lady, with the tragedy of Venice Pre- ſerv'd	99
Elegy	101
Inſcription for a buſt of Lady Suffolk	101
Sulpicia to Cerinthus, in her ſickneſs	102
Cato's ſpeech to Labienus	103
To Mr. Glover : on his poem of Leonidas	105
To William Pitt, Eſq; on loſing his commiſſion in the year 1736	107
Prologue to Thomſon's Coriolanus	108
Epilogue to Lillo's Elmerick	109

9 MR 53
T H E E N D.

